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We see the miscreant apostles of miscellaneous murder laid by the heels, the war material of Celtic disaffection surprised and confiscated, and filibustering invasions and braggadocio "risings" brought to nought; and we thankfully credit it all to the collective address of "the police." But who dreams of the cool and wary spy, the traitor to treason itself, the Pharisee of revolution praying for the cause that he may be seen of men, who transmits weekly from the very shrine of the conspiracy the names, the plans, and the whereabouts of his unsuspecting associates? Yet upon this slight foundation a great edifice of public safety rests: without his timely aid the police might pace their beat in vain.

Major Le Caron is a man who for twenty years has lived this life, has served his country after his fashion by betraying his friends, has brought himself with marvellous adroitness to the issue of it all without scathe or hurt, and has now settled down to domestic quiet and the composition of his memoirs, with a brow as unruffled and a heart as steady as when he penned despatches from dynamite conven-

tions to Scotland-yard, or strolled from the House of Commons to pour Mr. Parnell's fresh unbosomings into the receptive ear of Mr. Anderson. He mixed with the arch priests of American-Irish sedition, he saw them off their guard, and found some of them honest, silly, drunken fanatics, some coarse pilferers, some ruffians callous and astute as ever went unhung. He draws their portraits with the sharp outline and neat precision of an etcher. The Irish race, with its perpetual passion for playacting, plotting, and intrigue, seems perpetually fecund in producing its own betrayers: the fertility of its schemers in arranging political plans, their astuteness in managing parties, is equalled only by the constant and shameless self-seeking and the open rivalry in self-advancement of those who work the party machine. Without much parade of words, the Major quietly lets us know how Egan, coarse, ill-educated, full of animal spirits, gifted with a fine single eye to his own advantage, lived in Paris a life of cheery self-indulgence at the expense of the dupes who subscribed the funds to which he served as treasurer. He draws us Cronin, murdered beyond doubt, and murdered probably at the instigation of Alexander Sullivan: big, comely, plausible, strenuous, always "spoiling for a fight," always greedy of personal prominence. Once a druggist's shopman, he forced his way into the ranks of that curiously compounded calling, the medical profession of the United States, and did a bustling practice in Chicago, till he fell a victim to the man whom he had provoked by exposure and opposed because he wished to oust him from his paradise of malversation. Blackest rogue of all, Alexander Sullivan stands out from this canvas with admirable distinctness: clever, unscrupulous, careful only of himself, subordinating everything to his personal ambition, using Irish politics as a stepping stone to advancement in American affairs, and reckless who or what suffered, if only he succeeded himself. Among the vulgar, sordid crowd of dynamiters, drunken, quarrelsome, incontinent of speech, irresolute in animosity, inconstant in design, we see Sullivan sitting silent in the background, watching and weighing his tools—the doctors, lawyers, priests, and merchants of the Irish-American conspiracy, as avicious and base, but less dexterous than himself; and still he

"through all this din and turmoil sits and makes no sign. . . . There is no possibility of your missing him as you pass him by. There he sits, quiet, watchful, and alert; you cannot mistake the man. There is a sense of power and intelligence in that clean-cut, clean-shaven face of his, lit up by its bright, daring eyes. Had you but heard him speak, the lesson of his presence would have been complete. His clear trumpet voice, rising and falling with the play of a practised orator; his choice, finished diction; his well-reasoned, well-arranged arguments, and the graceful gesture and movement of his whole body, would prove to you that there at least was a man gifted to command and competent to control."

Yet of all these characters, so sinister yet bold, such strange mixtures of patriotism and unscrupulousness, Major Le Caron's is, for audacity and for patriotism of a kind,

the most eminent. Chance and the love of adventure made Thomas Beach turn spy; occasion and the love of his country, it seems, kept him in that ambiguous calling. He served with credit and distinction in the Federal Army during the war; and emerging with the rank of Major and the *nom de guerre* of Le Caron, he devoted himself to the study and practice of medicine, in its humbler walks of keeping "drug stores" and miscellaneous country cures. An accident brought to the knowledge of the English Home Secretary of the day that young Beach's acquaintance with John O'Neill enabled him to pick the brains of that leaky intriguer, and the government offered him the post of salaried spy in the Fenian camps of America. Le Caron accepted the commission, and discharged his strange duty with courage, fidelity, and success. Over and over again he stood on the verge of detection; and at any moment discovery was like to have cost him his life. Such is at least his own belief, and he surely ought to know; yet it may perhaps be doubted whether the need of lynx-like vigilance was quite so imperative as the reminiscent Major fancies. For twenty years, thanks to Thomas Beach and his periodical reports, we gather that whatever was to be known about Irish-American machinations was known in Scotland-yard. Acting on this information, the "resources of civilisation" made a very fair match of it with the devices of rebellious savagery. Such an unbroken run of ill-luck must surely have convinced the most haphazard of Celts that someone was betraying the association's plans from within. Every illegal association the Irish race ever knew bred its own betrayers as soon as a price was to be earned by the betrayal. To wary rogues like Sullivan, this perpetual succession of thwarted enterprises must have told its own tale; Sullivan cannot have doubted that the British Government had secured the services of some one of his own most devoted servants. To him, however, that mattered little. To be enriched with Irish-American gold and flattered by native American politicians was his end; this was for him the final cause of the Clan-na-Gael, not the liberation of Ireland or the dissolution of Sir William Harcourt. Too much success for dynamite might have compromised him even with the semi-criminal tolerance of American Republican "bosses;" and the credulity and open-handedness of the Irish poor was to Sullivan a very Pactolus, which years of impotent intrigue scarcely at last dried up. Sullivan may never have suspected Le Caron; but he can hardly have doubted that among his friends the British agent was to be found; and finding him after all a blessing in disguise, he was no doubt very contented to leave him in useful and unmolested obscurity.

Whether this be or be not the explanation of Le Caron's long immunity from detection, he certainly played his part out with a cool self-possession that places his nerve and discretion beyond dispute. But his most interesting trait is his own appreciation of himself. He does not see, nor has he ever been able to see, anything to cavil at in the calling of a spy. There are diversities of

gifts, that is all: some are politicians, and betray their party; some theologians, and betray their god; his lot has been to be a spy, and he, at least, has never betrayed any man or any cause, except the persons and the cause of his country's foes. The quality above all others on which he piques himself is a nice honour, a truthfulness that weighs words with punctilious scruple, a moral purity that casts a slur in the comparison upon the political chastity of the paragons of public life. Says his preface:

"There is no such thing as romance to be indulged in here. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth is what I have set myself to tell regarding all those matters with which I shall deal. There are many things of course to which I may not refer; but with respect to those upon which I feel at liberty to touch, one unutterable characteristic will apply all through, and that will be the absolute truthfulness of the record.

"This may seem strange language, coming from one who, for over a quarter of a century, has played a double part, and who to-day is not one whit ashamed of any single act done in that capacity. Men's lives, however, are not to be judged by the outward show and the visible suggestions, but rather by the inward sentiments and promptings, which accept conscience at once as the inspirer of action and arbiter of fate. It is hard, I know, to expect people in this cold, prosaic age of ours to fully understand how a man like myself should, of his own free will, have entered upon a life such as I have led, with such pureness of motive and absence of selfish instinct as to entitle me to claim acceptance at the bar of public opinion as an honest and a truthful man.

"Yet such is my claim. When, years ago, as these subsequent pages will show, I was first brought into contact with Fenian affairs, no fell purpose, no material consideration, prompted me to work against the revolutionary plotters. A young man, proud of his native land, and full of patriotic loyalty to its traditions, I had no desire, no intention, to do aught but frustrate the schemes of my country's foes. When, later on, I took my place in the ranks of England's defenders, the same condition of mind prevailed, though the conditions of service varied. . . . There is a popular fiction, I know, which associates with my work fabulous payments and frequent rewards. Would that it had been so! Then would the play of memory be all the sweeter for me. But, alas! the facts were all the other way."

The Major's defence then may evidently be left very safely in his own hands; nor could the mental problem of his case have been more nicely stated. He, an "honest and a truthful man," to whom "conscience is the inspirer of action," played a "double part" for the best years of his life, on a salary of which he laments the inadequacy but not the fact. Certainly, whatever else may be thought of him, his courage is beyond dispute, and the proof is still with us. But, after all, what is there in such a career except its novelty to stir misgivings in the most self-searching breast? The stratagems of war are only less fair than those of love. To the enterprising press-man that is but professional ardour which, on another stage, might lead to Holloway. Who to secure the text of a most secret treaty would not pick an ambassador's pocket? Nay, the country perhaps would doubt if it quite got its money's worth, but for a lurking notion that the most correct

and urbane of its diplomatists know how to unlock on occasion the archives of foreign chancelleries. Even George Washington could perhaps have told a lie if he had thought there was a fair chance of not being found out. Perhaps it is only prudery that prefers the Victoria Cross to the honours of the Secret Service; and at any rate Major Le Caron is entitled to be taken at his word, to be regarded as an honest if eccentric patriot, whose adroitness, tenacity, and almost stoical calm are equally beyond dispute and depreciation. And if his virtues are enhanced by their rarity, civilisation may perhaps breathe the more freely for that.

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By Charles Godfrey Leland. (Fisher Unwin.)

THIS fine volume, which is devoted to the witchcraft of the Tuscan Romagna, may be compendiously characterised as antiquarianism touched with humour. In it we have the creator of Hans Breitmann in the character of a witch-finder; and not only has he found the witches, but when found he has made an excellent note of them. Indeed he has persuaded them to reveal their magical secrets, their spells, and their incantations, and these he now gives to us "writ in choice Italian" with a neat metrical translation of his own.

The principal scene of Mr. Leland's labours is the district lying round Forlì and stretching eastwards to the pinewood of Ravenna—which till the eighth century formed part of the Romagna or Exarchate of Eastern Rome. Here witchcraft or *stregheria*, lovingly termed by the peasants *la vecchia religione*—"something more than a sorcery and something less than a faith"—still survives, though it can hardly be said to flourish. Here men still appeal to those Etruscan homologues and predecessors of Jove and Bacchus and Mercury, Tinia and Fafions and Teramo, as well as to the oldest gods of rural Rome, Pan and Silvanus and the Fauns; while a crowd of minor spirits, perhaps more ancient than either, still haunt rock and waterfall and wood, still sport like the white lady below the ruined castle, or play like lubber fiends in the kitchens of the *poderi*. But though scores of the peasants know much on the subject, it is as amateurs only: when serious work is on hand they go to a respectable *strega* or *stregone* (witch or wizard) much as their betters would go to a respectable solicitor. These humble practitioners, who are generally members of mystic families, are (apparently) not impostors; but, on the contrary, have a lively faith in their own powers. Nor is this surprising, seeing that they are denounced in all seriousness by the priests as impious, and are looked askance at by the police. One of Mr. Leland's confidential witches assured him, as Count de Gubernatis assured Mr. Gladstone, that there was ten times as much heathenism in Tuscany as Catholicism, only what the Count called heathenism, she called *la vecchia religione*. Another, who was so far a Catholic that she wore a medal of a saint on her bosom, protested warmly that the

old was her real religion; and, of course, by comparison with witchcraft, Christianity is a thing of yesterday. This "old religion" seems to be in the condition in which so many of the Italian frescoes were a few years ago. It is very ancient and ruinous, and has been repeatedly restored by different hands and at different periods. From time to time great pieces have fallen, and new "unconformable" work has been inserted. The result is that, though a good deal remains, it consists chiefly of crumbling and disjointed fragments, and Mr. Leland has done a great thing in picking up so many pieces and loosely putting them together. He has added a good deal of interesting matter in the way of conjecture and explanation, and the comment, if less valuable than the text, is most agreeably flavoured with the refreshing acid of his humorous personality.

Of course the genuine *stregheria* is purely heathen, and has nothing to say to the inhabitants of the Christian hell and heaven. But the belief of the early Fathers that the heathen gods were really devils is doubtless responsible for having provided many an old witch story with a new set of Christian characters. The number of witches and wizards still seems considerable, nor is this so odd when we learn that one may become a *strega* or *stregone* without intending it. Mr. Leland gives more than one instance where the endowment has been received by a process known to lawyers as a *donatio mortis causa*. If a dying witch says, "Oh, dear, I have nobody to leave it to," and the priest ventures to reply (as why should he not), "Oh, leave it to me," then he will, on the old lady's death, find himself legatee of her occult powers, and cannot disclaim the legacy. To attempt to make a selection from Mr. Leland's book would, if practicable, be unfair, for the cake is nearly all plums. It must suffice to say that students of the old religion will not look in vain for any spirit entitled to a seat in the Etruscan Pantheon, and for everyone the appropriate invocation is furnished. There is also a fine collection of spells, as distinguished from invocations. There are the spells of the spider and the hare and the green lizard for the colic, and of the swallow for sore eyes; while anybody who desires to find out if a lover be faithful, or to make anybody else's lover unfaithful, has an embarrassing choice of facilities. These are generally very quaint in form, though many of them are, in substance, common all the world over. Mr. Leland has, too, the true collector's eye for odd bits of information picked from all sorts of out-of-the-way literature. Such, for instance, is the Turkish story of the marriage of Joseph and Potiphar's wife, whose name was, it appears, Zuleika. He tells us, too, that the marriage took place on a Friday, the day of Venus or Turanna, "everywhere the lucky day till the priests spoiled it," so that, as he puts it, "Mrs. Potiphar, as women always do, had her way in the end."

The volume is prettily and profusely illustrated, though very few of the illustrations belong to the strictly indigenous art of Etruria. The greater part of the designs



seem to have been taken or made up by Mr. Leland from Hellenic-Etruscan vases and mirrors—work, we may suppose, sent from Greece to the markets of Luna and Tarquinii, or executed in Greek factories established in Etruscan cities. By exception, one or two figures—that, for example, of Cupra, the male version or partner of the Etruscan form of Hera—are of the hybrid Phoenician type, of which examples are common in the Cesnola collection. It is, perhaps, only right to say that, as might be expected, the bed rock of Shamanism, which may truly be said to date from the days before decency, crops out occasionally during Mr. Leland's researches; but the reader who knows anything about sorcery will not be unprepared.

REGINALD HUGHES.

*The Life of Thomas Paine.* With a History of his Literary, Political, and Religious career in America, France, and England. By Moncure Daniel Conway. In 2 vols. (Putnam.)

THOMAS PAINE died in the year 1809; and now, eighty-three years afterwards, Mr. Moncure D. Conway undertakes to give to the world something like a complete and accurate account of his career and his opinions. The thought which first suggests itself in the presence of this circumstance is one which, it is evident, has been present in the mind of Mr. Conway himself, and has moved him deeply: namely, that shameless injustice has too long been done to the memory of Thomas Paine. This narrative now before us, which Mr. Conway has striven diligently to make veracious and complete, exhibits Thomas Paine as a person totally different from the vulgar, dissolute, blasphemous, unscrupulous "Tom Paine" of the popular illusion; and if we are to take Mr. Conway's account as substantially correct—which, indeed, we must—it is abundantly clear that the man has been grievously wronged by public opinion.

The publication of this biography, after an interval of eighty-three years, is, however, significant in another way. Not many men, calumniated during life-time and after death, and generally regarded in the light of those calumnies, would have been remembered for so long a period sufficiently well to make such a biography as this, we will not say desirable, but even possible. The slanders and all memory of the person slandered would have died out altogether. The author of *The Rights of Man* and the *Age of Reason* is, however, by no means forgotten, either by enemies or by friends. To a good many honest people to-day his name is almost as unwelcome as it was to some of the contemporaries of his later years. That he should be remembered—whether in spite of the scorn with which he has been treated, or in consequence of it—is striking testimony to some quality of greatness in the man and in the work he did. If Thomas Paine had been such a rascal as his enemies have made him out to be, or if he had been a good man of an ordinary kind, the world would have forgotten him before now. As it is, his name at least has survived; so that, even at this late day, it is

worth while for Mr. Conway, who thinks he has been wronged, to try and see him righted. Mr. Conway's self-appointed task has not been to lift his hero from obscurity, and show that time and mankind had wronged him in sending him there, but to substitute a true history for a well-known, a too well-known, false history. The many who have never even seen a line of his works, when Mr. Conway's book comes before them, will not need to ask, Who is this Thomas Paine? but only, What is the truth about him?

Let us hope, now that the opportunity is offered, intelligent men and women will take the trouble to learn it by familiarising themselves with the present well-told story of one who, if humanly faulty in some respects, was nevertheless essentially excellent, being an honest, courageous, broad-minded and large-hearted man. It is surely pleasant to find that one we have long regarded as a power for evil was really worthy. If it is good to welcome the repentant sinner, it is still better to discover he was no such sinner as we had supposed. Therefore, we may assume that Mr. Conway's book will come as good tidings to many who have honestly, but ignorantly, thought badly of Thomas Paine. He may not have been quite such a supreme figure in his day as his enthusiastic biographer represents him. A biographer should be well endowed with the critical faculty in active, working order, and Mr. Conway is too much of an enthusiast to be a perfect critic. Still, after making every proper allowance for personal feeling, we are well within the bounds of truth when we say that to France and to America, in their times of extreme need, Thomas Paine was a benefactor. His services to France at the period of the Revolution were much greater than the Revolutionists themselves ever knew; had they appreciated his calm judgment and heeded his wise counsel, the course of history would have been changed for the better. Much of his counsel was heeded in America; and famous contemporaries of his, who had every opportunity of knowing him at his worst as well as at his best, held him in esteem. George Washington, for example, when at the height of his power and popularity, invited the nation to give to Paine some substantial token of its gratitude, and was not ashamed to subscribe himself as his friend. Since Paine's death there have always been some persons ready to bear witness in his favour; but usually they have been comparatively few in numbers, and not always influential. Hitherto no such well sustained appeal as Mr. Conway's, on his behalf, has ever been made to the logic of facts.

Mr. Conway is very angry about the misrepresentation to which Paine has been subjected, and we cannot blame him. Yet if, while writing his book, he could have kept these causes for indignation out of his thoughts, and, ignoring for the time the prevailing prejudice, had presented his weighty facts and drawn his inferences as so much calm, dispassionate history, his work would have been all the better. As it stands, it is frequently suggestive of a brief held on Paine's behalf. Mr. Conway may

yet see his way to condense the present narrative into a plain statement, such as we suggest, and to issue it in a form adapted to general circulation, with, perhaps, companion volumes containing Paine's own principal writings. In this way he would reach a much wider audience than he can hope for at present.

It is not difficult to understand how Paine came to be slandered. Misrepresentation seems to have been due, in the first instance, to the action of personal enemies of his own. He was an outspoken man, not only on topics with which the many agreed, but on others about which free criticism is not readily tolerated. Even within the limits of political controversy, he would probably have made some enemies; but, in the long run, more friends. He was not, however, a politician, or, for that matter, a theologian either, so much as a man imbued with a spirit of freedom and a love of justice and truth. Thus his antagonism was to all kinds of fetters and tyranny and sham. He allied himself with parties when their policy was in the direction of his own effort, but he was not a partisan. In France, so long as the king stood for tyranny he was against him; but when the king was dethroned and imprisoned and his life was in danger, he became, in Paine's eyes, a fellow mortal in distress, and Paine incurred some risk to his own life in trying to save that of the unhappy monarch. Paine was a friend of the Revolution while the Revolution was a struggle for liberty; but when the revolutionists proved in their hour of triumph that they, too, were only tyrants, he fell into a state of despair.

"Had this revolution been conducted consistently with its principles," he wrote to Jefferson in 1793, "there was once a good prospect of extending liberty through the greatest part of Europe, but I now relinquish that hope" (vol. ii., p. 52).

In America, also, he was with the Revolution, but was heretic enough to insist that negroes should have liberty as well as white men. When, in 1804, Louisiana demanded admission as a State, with the right to "continue the importation of negro slaves," Paine reminded the memorialists of the "mischief caused in France by the possession of power before they understood principles," and declared their guilty notion of enslaving others was proof of their ignorance of human "rights." It was in the same spirit that he invaded the more dangerous theological territory. Not being a diplomatist, but—to use Mr. Conway's apt phrase—a "soldier for mankind," his onslaught was rather rough and rude, and so aroused bitter enmity. If he had expressed himself differently, he might have avoided trouble. Martyrdom is often the penalty, not of what people do or say, so much as of the way they do or say it. Mr. Matthew Arnold, who made deeper inroads into the popular theology than ever Paine did, was never cast out. But then he attacked with rapier thrusts, while Paine, after the manner of the John Bull he was, attacked with blows. Paine's enemies thereupon fastened upon his faults and magnified them. For a brief period he had

taken to excessive drinking; his enemies proclaimed him a drunkard. Of course they called him an atheist: in reality, as any reader of his works can see, he was no atheist, but what was in those days called a deist, something a little different from the modern theist. But, what does it matter now, the particular "ist" he believed in and proclaimed? We are more concerned that the man himself had the courage of his opinions, and was willing to incur the penalties of declaring them because he honestly believed he was thereby doing good.

WALTER LEWIN.

*The Deluge: an Historical Novel.* By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated from the Polish by J. Curtin. In 2 vols. (Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.)

THE present volume is the fourth in the great cycle of historical works by means of which the eminent Polish novelist, Sienkiewicz, has set before himself the task of illustrating some of the past glories and calamities of his unhappy country. That a purely historical and mainly descriptive story of such heroic dimensions should find a sale nowadays is surprising perhaps, but it certainly speaks well for the public taste, for *Polop* (or "*The Deluge*," to give it its English title) is a work of as indisputable genius as Tolstoi's *Peace and War*. Like Tolstoi's masterpiece, too, Sienkiewicz's deals with a great national catastrophe, the invasion and partial conquest of Poland by Charles Gustavus of Sweden. In the year 1655—hoping to realise Gustavus Adolphus' dream of empire, and taking advantage of the sore straits of the Polish Republic when involved in a ruinous conflict with its rebellious Cossacks, aided by the Russians—the masterful young Swede crossed the sea with 50,000 men, and burst like a deluge upon Poland. Helped by domestic traitors, he succeeded, within six months, in conquering nearly the whole country. John Casimir, the Polish king, abandoned and betrayed, fled to Silesia; and the end seemed to have come when the mighty Radzivils of Lithuania threw off their allegiance and openly proclaimed Charles Gustavus King of Poland. But deliverance was already at hand. The attempt of the Swedes to storm the monastery of Czenstochowa, the home of the miraculous image of Our Lady, sent a thrill of horror through Catholic Poland, while the insolence of the Northerners galled the pride of the martial nobility to the quick. The nation flew to arms under the heroic Stephen Czarniecki (*vir molestissimus*, as the Swedish king called him); John Casimir returned from exile; and a war of extermination began against the invader, a war which reduced one half of Poland to ashes, but finally freed her from the most formidable danger that had yet befallen her.

Interwoven with this great national drama is the sweet story of the loves of Kmicic, the young banneret of Orsha, and the matchless lady Olenka Billewicz. The hero, Kmicic, a typical Pole of the period, violent to brutality, brave to extravagance, not

without noble instincts, but relapsing into savagery amidst the prevailing lawlessness, Kmicic is already well on his way to the gallows when he falls in with the heroine, who, by the power of her love and the nobility of her character, gradually chastens and subdues him, though his probation is long and bitter and not without many relapses. Finally, however, he purges his past offences by bloody penance and knightly deeds, and is rewarded with the hand and heart of his lady, who, after long doubting him, discovers, to her joy, that her prayers on his behalf have not been altogether in vain.

With infinite skill the author uses this delightful love story simply as a means of thoroughly acquainting us with seventeenth century Poland; and we shall search the literatures of Europe in vain for anything so vivid and so thrilling as the historical tableaux which he unfolds before us with epic breadth and force. Kmicic takes an active part in nearly all the great events of the war, and is brought into contact with all the leading personages of the day. We cannot pay a higher compliment to the author's genius than by saying that his descriptions, both of men and of events, are so enthralling that even the interesting story of Kmicic and Olenka takes the second place in our thoughts, while we follow with bated breath the triumphs of the Swedes and the agonies of the Poles with the intense hope that their respective rôles may ere long be reversed. But, in truth, Sienkiewicz possesses the historical imagination of a Tolstoi or a Meinhold; all he tells us seems stamped with the hallmark of truth. He is a perfect master of the art of description; and whether the scene described be a banquet or a battle-field, a lover's success or a lover's revenge, whether he be terrible or pathetic, grave or gay, he always impresses us with a sense of power. What, for instance, can be finer in its way than the following description of High Mass at the monastery of Czenstochowa? (We have taken the liberty of slightly altering Mr. Curtin's version.)

"In the chapel there was a ruddy gloom not entirely dispersed by the rays of candles burning on the altar. Coloured rays fell also through the window-panes, and all these gleams, red, violet, golden, fiery, quivered on the walls, slipped along the carvings . . . made their way into dark depths bringing forth to sight indistinct forms buried, as it were, in a dream. Mysterious glimmers ran along and united with the darkness, so that all distinction between light and darkness was lost. The candles on the altar had golden halos; the smoke from the censers formed purple mists; the white robes of the monks serving Mass reflected, as it were, the tints of a darkling rainbow. All things there were half visible, half veiled, unearthly; the gleams were unearthly, the gloom was unearthly, mysterious, majestic, beatific, full of prayer, adoration, and holiness. From the nave of the church came the deep sound of human voices like the mighty sound of the sea; but in the chancel deep silence reigned, broken only by the voice of the priest chanting Mass. . . . The organ accompanied the chanting of the priest, and gave forth tones mild and sweet, flowing, as it were, from flutes beyond the earth. At moments their music seemed to distil like water from its source; then, again, they fell softly but swiftly like dense rain showers in

May. Suddenly there was a thunder of drums and clarions. A quiver passed through every heart. The curtain before the ikon [of Our Lady] was drawn aside, and a flood of diamond light flowed down upon the faithful. Groans and weeping were heard throughout the church. 'Salve Regina!' cried the nobles . . . but the peasants cried: 'Most Holy Lady! Golden Lady! Queen of Angels! save us, succour us, have mercy upon us!'

The spirited description of the famous charge of the Lithuanian hussars at the great battle of Warsaw shows that the author is as much at home in the din and turmoil of war as amidst the awfulness of the sanctuary; but it is unfortunately too long to quote in full, while to mutilate it would be a sin. As a specimen of Sienkiewicz's historical portraits, however, we give the following sketch of Charles Gustavus:

"The King took the letter and began to read, while the Polish envoys regarded him curiously, for they had never seen him before. He was a man in the flower of his age, as dark in complexion as though born an Italian or a Spaniard. His long hair, black as a raven's wing, fell behind his ears to his shoulders. . . . His brows were greatly elevated, as if he were in perpetual astonishment. Where his brows approached each other, his forehead was raised into a large protuberance, which gave him the appearance of a lion; a deep wrinkle above his nose, which did not leave him even when he laughed, gave his face a threatening and wrathful expression. His lower lip protruded. . . . He wore cord-like mustaches, brushed out somewhat at the ends. In general, his face indicated an extraordinary man, one of those who, when they walk over the earth, press blood out of it. There was in him grandeur, the pride of a monarch, the strength of a lion, and the vivacity of genius; but though a kindly smile never left his mouth, there was lacking that kindness of heart which illuminates a face from within as a lamp illuminates an alabaster urn."

Do we not seem to see before us in the flesh the monarch who vowed to make the Baltic a Swedish lake, the soldier who led a mail-clad host across the quaking ice of the barely frozen Belt through that terrible night which blanched the hair of the trembling guides?

Unfortunately the English version of this noble work is sadly disfigured by the carelessness and perversity of the translator. Mr. Curtin evidently knows Polish pretty well, and follows his text most conscientiously; but his English is too often slovenly and slipshod, and there is scarcely a page in the book which does not painfully remind us that we are reading a translation. But Mr. Curtin's cardinal offence is a slavish literalness which often verges on absolute absurdity. Thus, to take only a very few instances, such commonplaces as *czolem bic* (to salute) and *badz zdrowa!* (Farewell!) are rendered "to beat with the forehead," and "be well!"; blunders like "on the foot!" for "charge!" (*biegiem!*) are frequent, and the climax of absurdity is reached when such expressions as *na wieki* or *na wieki wieków* ("for ever" and "for ever and ever") are translated: "for the ages" and "for the ages of ages!" Mr. Curtin has further disfigured his book by transliterating all the proper names according to a system of phonetics of his



own devising, with the most startling and often the most ridiculous results. He is also somewhat hazy as to the proper forms for Polish places, for we find such Polish forms as Poznan (Posen) and Lvoff (Lemberg) side by side with the English forms—Warsaw, Cracow. There is the less excuse for these eccentricities, as Mr. Curtin has already tried his prentice-hand on another Polish work by the same author almost as long as the present one.

R. NISBET BAIN.

#### BURNS—AND ANOTHER.

"THE PARCHMENT LIBRARY."—*Selected Poems of Robert Burns.* With an Introduction by Andrew Lang. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

*A Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns, and Poems.* By Hew Ainslie. With a Memoir of the Author by Thomas C. Latto. (Alexander Gardner.)

THE introduction to the new Selection from Burns is very much what might have been expected from Mr. Andrew Lang; the Selection itself is most decidedly otherwise. In his *Letters to Dead Authors* he had written, some years before the present volume was published,

"It is a cruel thing for any of your countrymen to feel that, where all the rest love, he can only admire; where all the rest are idolaters, he may not bend the knee, but stands apart and beats upon his breast, observing, not adoring—a critic. Yet to some of us—petty souls, perhaps, and envious—that loud indiscriminate praise of 'Robbie Burns' (for so they style you in their change-house familiarity) has long been ungrateful; and among the treasures of your songs we venture to select and even to reject."

Here we have the spirit not of eulogy but of criticism; and, if it is not quite so pronounced in the Introduction to Mr. Lang's Selection, it is there all the same. He almost goes out of his way to show that his heart, like Mr. Gladstone's, is with Scott rather than with Burns; and he admits regretfully that Burns, and not Scott, is what the present Foreign Secretary has termed Scotland's "Man of Destiny." But, if this introduction is not altogether an ungrudging and unmitigated panegyric, it is graceful, and even in parts heartily appreciative. Thus one is glad to learn that "it is a mere truism to say that Burns purified his national ditties, and gave us golden words for words of very doubtful metal, that Burns is, beyond all possibility of rivalry, the greatest of all truly popular poets," and that as a man he was "kindly, brave, witty, brilliant, upright, generous, pitiful." Mr. Lang might, indeed, have spared himself the trouble of saying—"A Scotchman, writing of Burns, will inevitably feel an enthusiasm which may seem overstrained to the general run of English readers," for his own enthusiasm is admirably restrained. Still, in his character of Scotchman, Mr. Lang would have done well to have proved, as well as have formulated, so grave a charge against his country as that it is "as Puritan in principle as the ideal Israel of the Prophets, and as lax in practice as the ideal Florence of Boccaccio." Again, says Mr. Lang:

"What is 'muslin kail'? what is a 'shangar'?"

what is a 'stimpert'? One has put these questions to very loyal and unanglicised Scots, and they have been unable to answer."

Mr. Lang himself, of course, stands beyond suspicion as a "very loyal and unanglicised Scot," and therefore one may ask him what, after all, is a "shangar"?

As for the Selection, it seems chiefly to demonstrate the impossibility of producing a volume of the kind that is calculated to please—we shall not say everybody, but everybody who has a reasonable right to be considered in such a connexion. Certainly "Holy Willie's Prayer"—to take only one of the masterpieces which are conspicuous by their absence from this book—should have been allowed a place in a company which includes "The Jolly Beggars" and the "Epistle to John Rankin." Then there is an air of pedantry about the Selection, which may perhaps be justified as being perfection in matters of detail: thus, not only are Scotch words spelled here as Burns spelled them, but his italics also, which might surely have been dispensed with, are given. But in that case, why should we have the incorrect and worse than meaningless edition of the four lines bearing the title of "The Solemn League and Covenant," and the vastly inferior of the two versions of "Scots wa hae"? Mr. Lang has, however, publicly cried *Peccavi* in this matter of "Scots wa hae," and it may be hoped that a new edition of the Selection will be an improvement on the first. It should be said that the paper and general "get-up" of the book, even as it stands now, are such as to ensure popularity for it, especially in England.

In the year 1792, there was born in Burns's own Ayrshire, and within four years after his death, a minor poet, who owes his reputation mainly to a combination of prose and verse which, under the title of *A Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns*, was originally published in 1822. This performance has now been republished, along with a number of other poems by its author, Hew Ainslie, and an elaborate but too effusive and ill-compacted biography. Ainslie was a miserably paid copyist in the Register House at Edinburgh, who seems to have been haunted by literary ambitions that he was never able to gratify, and who migrated to America, where, on the whole, he led a happy and useful life. He revisited the United Kingdom, and was lionised in a modest way. Finally, we learn from his biographer that, at Louisville, "to the great sorrow of his kindred and many friends, he passed peacefully to his rest"—would his kindred and friends have preferred him to die in agony?—"on the 11th day of March, 1878, at the patriarchal age of eighty-six." Ainslie was a very good specimen of the healthy-minded, well-intentioned Scotchman in humble life who secures a good deal of pleasure for himself, even if he does not afford it to others, by writing verses—mostly echoes of Burns. His biographer is wroth with Sir Walter Scott—he exclaims: "How difficult it is even for the finest intellect to judge accurately the qualities of a contemporary!"—for privately criticising the *Pilgrimage* in this fashion:

"It is the work of a very amiable man with a

feeling for the beauties of nature and some command of language to describe them. The work has, of course, its faults, one of the greatest of which is a want of that quality, the most necessary to eminent distinction, I mean originality. The author appears rather to have written as he thought Allan Ramsay or Burns would have written in his situation than from the stream of his own thoughts."

Yet there is a great deal of sense, and even of kindly good sense, in Scott's judgment. Hew Ainslie had undoubtedly a feeling for nature, but his power of giving expression to it was no less undoubtedly limited and imitative. Of the successors and disciples of Burns, he is a long way behind not only Cunningham, and Hogg, and Tannahill, but even Motherwell and Thom. Take, for example, the best verse in the best poem he ever wrote:

"Its dowie in the hint o' hairst  
At the wa' gang o' the swallow,  
When the wind grows could an' the burns grow  
bauld  
An' the wuds are hingin' yellow;  
But, oh! its dowie far to see  
The wa' gang o' her the heart gangs wi'—  
The deid-set o' a shining o'e  
That darkens the weary world on thee."

There is a simple idea here, worthy of fitting embodiment, and genuine pathos; but how one misses what Mr. Stevenson styles "a spirit well strung up to the concert pitch of the primeval out-of-doors"! But the poem from which this verse is taken is very much above the average of Hew Ainslie, which is presented in such lines as

"Her lips are like to cherries twin  
That grow upon ae shank;  
Her breath it beats the simmer win'  
I' the lowne o' a flow'ry bank."

Or

"In the nick o' the Balloch lived Muirlan' Tam,  
Weel stentit wi' brochan an' braxy ham;  
A breast like a brod, a back like a door,  
Wi' a wapping wame that hung down afore."

Or

"They rubbed him on the thorax first,  
Then on the abdomen,  
And wrought on him those diverse works,  
Resuscitators ken."

All things considered, Hew Ainslie deserved an In Memoriam, but not so bulky a volume as this. When one says that no justice can be done to Burns by a Selection, and that ample justice can be done to Ainslie by a Selection, one has leaped the gulf between the two poets.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

#### NEW NOVELS.

*The Ivory Gate.* By Walter Besant. In 3 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

*A Brilliant Woman.* By the Hon. Mrs. Henry Chetwynd. In 3 vols. (Hutchinson.)

*Passing the Love of Women.* By Mrs. J. H. Needell. In 3 vols. (Frederick Warne.)

*Nurse Elisia.* By G. Manville Fenn. In 2 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

*For the Sake of the Family.* By May Crommelin. (Eden, Remington & Co.)

*A Lost Soul.* By W. L. Alden. (Chatto & Windus.)

*A New Eden.* By F. C. Hyne. (Longmans.)

READERS who are at all imaginative will have their hopes raised by the title of Mr.

Besant's romance. The ivory gate is the gate of dreams. It is through the horn gate that the harder and all too literal experiences of life come to us. Perhaps it is a little disconcerting to find, in a dedicatory note, that the story is based upon some discovery in medical science; but if the reader is wise he will forget all about this, and await the development of the plot with as much unquestioning faith as he can command. And not a little faith is necessary; for it is hardly in a lawyer's office that we should expect to find the ivory gate open, and dreams streaming through it. We assure ourselves that Mr. Edward Dering, the highly respectable family solicitor to whom we are introduced in the first chapter, is anything but a dreamer. His whole life has been spent among solid realities. He scorns idealists, respects property, and believes that the safety of the State consists in letting things alone. His sordid clerk, Checkley, is his master's shadow, a vulgar type of realist who also respects property, though with no other than a mercenary instinct. So remote are the dreams and the ivory gate that the first incidents of the story concern a supposed forgery of a cheque for a large amount. A high-spirited young managing-clerk believes himself to be suspected of the crime, and foolishly resents the suspicion by going away. But other apparent forgeries occur after his flight, and deeds and valuable documents disappear in an altogether unexplained manner. There is now another young managing-clerk in the office, who has just been promoted to the rank of partner when these fresh discoveries are made, and Checkley tries to throw suspicion upon him. But as the plot thickens Checkley's malicious suggestions lose their point. The person in whose favour the cheque was drawn, and to whom shares of considerable value are transferred—by the supposed forgery of Mr. Dering's name—is a Mr. Edmund Gray. This gentleman has been seen and spoken with by various people, but Mr. Dering is unable to trace him. He is eventually unearthed by the one charming girl in the book, a ward of Mr. Dering's, a sister of the runaway clerk, and the fiancée of the young partner. It is perhaps singular that the two young men who are so vitally interested in the finding of Edmund Gray should be content to leave the search to Elsie Arundel; but she can command obedience as well as inspire love. Mr. Besant's secret is known almost from the beginning of the story, but it is hardly fair that it should be revealed here. Suffice it to say that there is a veritable ivory gate in the book, and that it was sometimes entered, sometimes quitted, within the four walls of Mr. Dering's office. With the theory of a possible double life which underlies the tale, the present writer does not concern himself. He has enjoyed the story, which is brilliantly written, and he commends the reading of it to everyone who is not too exacting in the matter of probability.

Whether it often happens that a marriage which starts badly rights itself in the end, no one is quite in a position to say. There is abundant evidence of the unhappy fate

which overtakes many unions that appear to begin well; but these are the marriages that occasion remark by the scandals they furnish. The other sort possibly includes many cases in which the progress is from bad to better, rather than from bad to worse. Mrs. Chetwynd describes such a union in *A Brilliant Woman*. A man who is approaching middle age, and a young, bright, high-spirited girl, are inveigled into matrimony by a match-making aunt of the girl. She persuades each of them that he or she is devotedly loved by the other, and they are flattered into an engagement and a speedy wedding. Of course, neither has the smallest real knowledge of the other, and perpetual misunderstandings and a growing sense of disappointment are the consequence. The husband is a quiet, cultured, undemonstrative man, of scrupulously high honour; the wife is vain, thoughtless, headstrong, but true at heart. Here are materials for the working out of matrimonial discord; while there are also materials for establishing a union founded in mutual respect as well as in affection. This latter is the result which Mrs. Chetwynd skilfully brings about; but the exigencies of the story require that the time of gladness and peace should not be reached until after successive periods of storm and stress. The plot is very ingeniously constructed. It shows in progressive stages the fine chivalry of the husband, and the hasty misjudgment, the struggle towards magnanimity, and the ultimate nobleness of the wife. They are both highly individual characters, and exceedingly well drawn. So much of the story is told in the relations to each other of the two principal actors in it, that most of the other personages are of necessity slightly sketched in. But Aunt Anne is very loveable, and Mrs. Chetwynd shows a true instinct in making her the first to understand Mrs. Burlington's obscured tenderness and goodness. Flora Haddington is perhaps a little overdrawn, and the Beryl episode at the end might well have been omitted; but the defects in the story are few, while its merits are many.

Though the love of one sex for the other is as essential an element in fiction as it is in life, a novel which does not make a sexual affection its chief motive is to be welcomed by way of change. There are Davids and Jonathans whose mutual fondness for each other well deserves to have its record, and it is an attachment of this kind which is told in *Passing the Love of Women*. Gilbert Yorke and John Cartwright are boys when we first meet with them in Mrs. Needell's pages, but we follow their fortunes up to manhood; and we find them as boys and men fine fellows of dissimilar natures, but in all circumstances and at all times true and devoted to each other. By one test only could the inference suggested by the title of the book be established, and that test is applied. Both young men fall in love with one girl. According to nearly all human experience an accident of this kind breeds hatred and jealousy between the men. Here it does not mar their friendship. That it involves it in some peril only proves the reality of the bond, which comes out of the ordeal unharmed,

Margery Denison—the interloper—is an attractive and interesting girl; but she falls rapidly in one's esteem during the episode between herself and John Cartwright, after which it is difficult to reinstate her in the place which she originally filled. The story was obviously not an easy one to tell, and Mrs. Needell's marked success in telling it is therefore to be accounted all the greater.

Mr. Manville Fenn is too practised a writer not to be able to construct a fairly good tale out of slight materials. Very slight, however, and somewhat loosely put together are those which go to the making of *Nurse Elisia*. An overbearing father, who is determined to marry off his sons and daughter to his own liking, is brought to reason by an accident which leaves him a hopeless paralytic; and a Duke's daughter, playing the part of hospital nurse, though in good earnest and very efficiently, vindicates that noble calling from the scorn of people who speak of a nurse as "a hired servant." That is the substance of the story, though it fills out two volumes by an amplitude of trivial details, in the conversations mostly, which have no bearing on the plot and no interest of their own.

It should be deemed a merit in Miss May Crommelin that she has kept her book, *For the Sake of the Family*, within one volume. But it would not have borne greater expansion. It is just a story of two people who lose each other, and who do not find each other again until many things have happened only because the affair is in a novel instead of in real life. Among the occurrences that would never have come to pass if the severed lovers had been promptly reunited are a murder, a false suspicion as to the criminal, a piece of heroic self-accusation (equally false) to save the innocent suspected one, and much else consequent on events of such a nature. Of the making of many books with as little in them as one finds in this volume there is no end.

Distinctly fresh and clever is Mr. Alden's pleasant-looking little book, *A Lost Soul*. The story is supposed to be told by a man who has taken a woman's life, but is held by his judges to be insane. He insists firmly on his sanity, and on his right to do what he did. He found the woman embedded in a glacier and frozen to death. He had a theory that intense frost preserves physical life in suspended animation, and he put his theory to the test by thawing the woman. She came to life again under his treatment, and at once began to talk about the tragic event of the previous day, when her husband threw her down a crevasse in the ice. What seemed to her yesterday was a time more than three hundred years back; but though she belonged to the sixteenth century, she was still a young and beautiful woman of five-and-twenty, and her deliverer naturally fell in love with her. The novelty of early sixteenth century recollections, freshly revived late in the nineteenth, is a pleasant feature of the story, the interest of which rapidly deepens. The Countess—for that is the rank of the beautiful resuscitated one, who does not forget



that she is a Contarini—refuses to marry her deliverer because he is only a physician, though she consents to love him until she meets with somebody else whom she may love better. This easy morality is explained by the suggestion that she is a splendid animal, and nothing more—for the theory of suspended animation is not intended to preclude the actual severance of soul and body. But carnal passions are stronger than any, and when the lover-physician, his fortune spent, finds that he can no longer support his mistress, for whose affections there is another candidate, he kills her. His own way of putting it is that he took the life he gave, and over which he claims to have had a disposing power. So ends a very fascinating story, brilliantly told.

*The New Eden* is a sort of puzzle. Does Mr. Hyne mean it for a joke, or does he intend it to convey some not too obvious moral? The humour, if humour there be, has certainly escaped me, and the possible moral is so much obscured that I have not found it. For the rest, the story is fantastic in a way; but whether it was worth writing is a question which Mr. Hyne would have done well to put to himself before he set about the task.

GEORGE COTTERELL.

#### GIFT BOOKS.

*Stories from the Greek Comedians.* By the Rev. Alfred J. Church. With sixteen Illustrations after the Antique. (Seeley.) We feared that Mr. Church had exhausted that long series of "stories from the classics," by which he has proved himself a benefactor to more than one generation of boys—and girls too. But, fortunately for them, he has bethought himself of providing a companion volume to his *Stories from the Greek Tragedians*, which came out (we are surprised to learn) so long ago as 1879. Aristophanes is a difficult author to adapt *virginibus puerisque*; but we need hardly say that we are quite safe in Mr. Church's experienced hands. He has even dared to give us a scene from the "Ecclesiazusae." To Aristophanes he has appended some examples of the New Comedy, taken of course from the versions of Plautus and Terence. We should suppose that no portion of ancient literature is less known, except to professed scholars, than the comedies. They are not well fitted for school use; and in later life they are apt to be found too difficult. Even the brilliant renderings of Hookham Frere are, we fancy, more praised than read. These adaptations, therefore, of Mr. Church supply a distinct want, by giving to English readers some conception of a veiled aspect of Greek life, which, as he somewhere says, occupied the place of the modern novel, combined (we may add) with that of the comic paper and of the music hall. To select the illustrations must have been yet more difficult than to adapt the text. No authorities are quoted; and we cannot say that more than a moderate measure of success has been attained.

*More about Wild Nature.* By Mrs. Brightwen. (Fisher Unwin.) Emboldened by the success of her *Wild Nature Won by Kindness*, the authoress has here continued her studies among pets and birds and insects in general. Full of sympathy for nature, and ardently fond of animal life, these sketches, illustrated by her own pencil, are cordially to be welcomed. Not everyone has kept a mongoose or an Indian

fruit-eating bat, as has Mrs. Brightwen. Her remarks on the footsteps of birds and quadrupeds in snow form an interesting chapter; while her love of simple pleasures such as abound in the country, and her sensible advice on "Home Museums," would, if followed, open new fields of study to many who would delight in them. The book is dedicated to Sir W. H. Flower, and would form a charming present for any girl with natural history tastes.

*Fairway Island.* By Horace Hutchinson. With four Illustrations by W. S. Stacey. (Cassells.) Mr. Horace Hutchinson, the golfer and chronicler of golf, has joined the great army of those who write stories of adventure for boys. His connexion with Westward Ho!—the place, not the book—has naturally induced him to lay the scene in North Devon; but he was less happily inspired when he chose for time the nineteenth century. The first chapter opens with a simple country episode that might have happened in the present year of grace anywhere on the borders of Exmoor—except that the author makes no attempt to reproduce the dialect still to be heard there. But we are quickly transported to the mid-sea island of Lundy—for such it might have been called without evasion—and to scenes of savagery that a more experienced writer would have thrown a few generations back. The inevitable result is that we never get persuaded of the truth of the story. We have, indeed, the usual stock-in-trade—a lover and his lass, who remain faithful despite deceptive appearances; a stage father, with a fabulous treasure gained from wrecking; a stage villain, who is ultimately hurled over the cliff; a wily old nurse, who is also something of a witch; and a young smith, almost as formidable as the Gow Chrom. Add to this a portentous snowstorm, recalling that in *Lorna Doone*, and hand-to-hand fighting that lasts for several days and through as many chapters, and you have all the ingredients for a great romance, except the necessary genius for mixing them. Possibly boys may be satisfied with it, but critics will never place it in the same class with *Treasure Island* or even with *The Blue Pavilions*.

*The Doctor of the "Juliet": a Story of the Sea.* By Harry Collingwood. With Illustrations by Gordon Browne. (Methuen.) Mr. Harry Collingwood, we need hardly say, does know how to tell a story, while Mr. Gordon Browne equally knows how to illustrate. We have read this book through in a not very long midnight sitting; and we can promise that any boy will be delighted to do the same—by daylight. It was rather bold of the author to make the crew of an earl's yacht mutiny and turn pirates, some time in the last half of the present century. Though we are preserved from the black flag, and any actual description of walking the plank, the pirates are genuine enough. And there are the usual exciting incidents of a young man and a girl on a desert island, with a lost treasure and a fragmentary paper—not to mention pearls and rubies. In addition, we are treated to a terrible experience in mid-ocean in an open boat—which is not exactly an open boat, because the hero contrives to rig a covering over the thwarts, and to ride out the storm by means of a sea-anchor; just as afterwards, on a dismasted hulk, he manages to evade a submarine volcano, and to throw oil on the troubled waters. Above all, we admire the way in which the earl is marooned in the second chapter, not to appear again until the penultimate page. Have we not said enough to recommend this last product of Mr. Collingwood's pen to all who still enjoy hairbreadth adventures and escapes told in the good old straightforward fashion?

*Story of Allan Gordon*; or, from Cabin-boy to Quarter-deck. (Chapman & Hall.) The

hero of this tale begins life at a curious Scotch school, where Kirk and Free Church politics predominate over merit. Being unjustly treated, he runs away to sea. The lover of sea stories can guess the rest. Young Gordon is shipwrecked in the Bay of Biscay, and nursed by a beautiful blonde. A cyclone, an encounter with savages, and a typhoon of tremendous violence succeed. The crew of the *Gloriana* are of a very polished type, not the ordinary ruffians of the novelist. That perseverance and a love of duty are imperatively needed in a sea life is sensibly inculcated. Allan Gordon's story is just the book to put in the hands of a boy bitten with a longing for the sea. The late atonement of the school-mate who had unfairly ousted the hero in their school life is delightfully comic; "he had preached no less than eight public sermons to schoolmasters as a warning to them" not to treat boys unfairly.

*The Captured Cruiser.* By C. J. Hyne. (Blackie.) When we reach the Chilean ironclad and find a handful of English prisoners first capturing their prison and then engaging torpedo boats with all the latest appliances of scientific naval warfare, we feel we are reading a romance intended for schoolboys who will accept uncritically the heroic impossibilities achieved by their favourites in the tale. The fight with the torpedo boats is, however, very spirited, and the adventures of the ironclad on the iceberg ingeniously improbable. Boys will delight in them. But we consider the opening chapters of the story the best. Frank and Walter are blown out to sea in an empty schooner, which they set on fire to attract the notice of a passing steamship. The narrative is incisive and vivid, and, to our mind, of an altogether higher order of art than the prodigious improbabilities which succeed it. Mr. Hyne has produced a tale full of interest and excitement which boys will delight in. The illustrations are good.

*With the Admiral of the Ocean Sea.* By Charles Paul Mackie. (Edinburgh: Nelson.) Mr. Mackie has drawn his "narrative of the first voyage to the Western World" mainly from the diary of Christopher Columbus himself, and has done his work with tact and enthusiasm. The chapters describing the immortal voyage, up to the point of the discovery of the New World in the moonlight, are as exciting as if the story they tell were strange to us. The book, we suppose, is intended especially for boys; but it is written in a style so vivid and sure, and is nevertheless so scholarly and accurate in its presentment of facts, that many "old boys" will prefer it to more pretentious histories. In an appendix the author collects his views upon "the main points in dispute" concerning the career of Columbus. His narrative succeeds very thoroughly in presenting us with "a living picture" of the hero's "stupendous achievement."

*Englishman's Haven.* By W. J. Gordon. (Frederick Warne & Co.) The history of the dead city Louisbourg is well told in this careful and vigorous tale. The reader is left with a clear impression of the early fortunes of the English in Nova Scotia, and will thank Mr. Gordon for enabling him so pleasantly to acquire an acquaintance with an unfrequented bypath in the wide domain of the history of England. Boys will enjoy the excitement and variety of the incidents, and will have no reason to complain that too much instruction is mingled with their amusement. For the tale of the fortunes of the early colonists at Chebucto, now Halifax, and at Annapolis Royal, the principal fort, reads like a description of the doings of schoolboys rather than of staid citizens, and has in it the flavour of romance

and adventure never absent from the doings of the first founders of colonies and empires. The illustrations help us to realise that we are in the latter half of the eighteenth century and are unusually spirited.

*Captain Geoff.* By Ismay Thorn. (Wells Gardner & Co.) Those who wish for an intelligent and conscientious variation of the ancient theme of a schoolboy's troubles will appreciate *Captain Geoff.* The hero encounters the usual persecution at the hands of the villain; he is wrongfully suspected of sneaking to the master, and of breaking into the boat-house of an adjacent nobleman. He wins the annual cricket match for his school "in spite of scorn," and emerges victorious from all his troubles, while the villain dies remorseful and penitent. On one point only are we inclined to quarrel with our author. French masters at English schools are, on the whole, so much more sinned against than sinning that we should have expected Ismay Thorn to have treated of them more sympathetically, and to have been on his guard against fostering school-boy prejudices. M. L'Abeille is an unkind, and surely an improbable, presentation of one of a long-suffering class of men.

*Monk and Knight.* By Frank W. Gunsaulus. (Edinburgh: Nelson.) There should be no lack of excitement and interest in a tale which describes the fortunes of a knight who is educated along with Francis I., and turns out to be the son of a Waldensian, and of a monk who falls in with Erasmus and More, and having a Wickliffite father, finally assists Henry VIII. in suppressing the monasteries. The story is, in fact, overcrowded with historical celebrities, and too ambitiously includes in its course a succession of great historical events. The writer lacks the dramatic talent necessary to make his huge collection of stage properties alive and real. And yet by readers who know something of the history of the early years of the sixteenth century our author's conscientious effort to describe the greatest heroes of that time will be treated with indulgence. If Mr. Gunsaulus will severely limit himself to one country and a few historical celebrities, and curtail his reflections and descriptions, he may yet do much better work than this. Or he might merge the novelist in the historian, and give us historical sketches unconfused by romantic accretions. As it is, he falls between two stools, and does not quite satisfy either the historical student or the reader of fiction.

*The Fishguard Invasion of the French in 1797.* (Fisher Unwin.) A pleasant memory of the fiasco of the French in their three days' invasion of Wales is here well illustrated by facsimile cuts from old prints and of several original documents relating to the abortive invasion. Some people would have preferred that no story should have intertwined with the curious facts of General Tate's expedition. On the other hand, the slight thread of Welsh love-making which runs through the book may please other readers. It will be remembered that the French eventually surrendered, because they were overawed by the national high hats and red shawls of the countrywomen who (literally) manned the surrounding hills; much as centuries before the English had been terrified at Bannockburn.

*Lost in the Wilds of Canada.* By Eleanor Stredder. (Edinburgh: Nelson.) This story carries the reader back to Cooper's pages with their Creses and Blackfoot Indians. But in Miss Stredder's book these are peaceable, almost amiable, and the gleam of a tomahawk is never seen among the pictures of a Canadian winter. The hero's adventures are sufficiently interesting, and show that the "poor Indian"

still retains much of the chivalry with which novelists have been wont to invest him.

*Bert Lloyd's Boyhood: a Story from Nova Scotia.* By J. Macdonald Oxley. (Hodder & Stoughton.) The tone of this book, with its juvenile religionism, is intensely American. The schools of Nova Scotia, too, are entirely alien from English experience. In his extreme goodness as a schoolboy, and his self-consciousness, the hero's character strikes a note seldom heard among English boys. The scene between him and his boy-friend when ill of fever is extremely unreal. The book may be appreciated in Acadia, but can scarcely be recommended for English boys.

*Godiva Durleigh.* By Sarah Doudney. (Hutchinson.) This story for girls is full of old-fashioned houses, china, and flowers, and contains plenty of honest old-fashioned love-making. The heroine does nothing to justify her fantastic name, but is remarkably strong-minded, and so determined that she almost makes shipwreck of her life. We seem to have heard before of Belle Espinasse, who became Lady Dun; and some will think of a celebrated poem by Mr. Browning as they read of the man who leapt into the lion's cage, even though he "dealt the creature a blow with a crowbar that sent him back to a corner of the den." There are plenty of incidents in the story, and all the lovers are made happy at the end.

*Ourselves and Others.* By S. B. James, D.D. (Home Words Publishing Office.) We are not quite clear why Dr. James entitles his twenty-two papers on all sorts of topics *Ourselves and Others*. It is perhaps to tempt the reader just to peep inside for an answer to the riddle. We have not found the answer, but wherever we have opened the volume we have been entertained. We cannot discover that Dr. James is very profound or very instructive, although he is never thoughtless, and tells us many things we are pleased to know. It is not the matter of the papers that is remarkable, it is the manner: they are eminently readable. We can detect no special characteristic of the style except a certain happy emphasis of phrase, which is not too emphatic, and continually keeps the reader turning the page although he has made up his mind to put the book down. Among the papers that have pleased us most are nine on Alliteration, &c., fourteen on some French and Latin quotations, and seventeen on First and Third Person Singular. These in subject are more distinctly literary than many of the others, and of more permanent value.

WE hardly expected to live to see the day when we should think it desirable to make mention in the *ACADEMY* of *Pears' Annual*; yet the day has arrived. The designs in illustration of the "Christmas Carol" which Mr. Charles Green has furnished to the present number throw into the shade, we shall venture to say, anything that has hitherto been done in illustration of that which is deservedly the most popular of the Christmas stories of Dickens. Mr. Green seems to us successful at all points. Marley's face upon the door-knocker is rendered with extraordinary suggestiveness. Something more than melodrama is reached in the picture of Mr. Scrooge perusing the inscription on the churchyard tomb. A completely characteristic Christmas geniality and abandon is reached in the design in which, in "Blind Man's Buff" at Scrooge's nephew's party, a blameless young man pursues the young woman in the lace tucker—"not the one with the roses," as Mr. Dickens takes care to tell us. Bob Cratchett freezing in the tank—or trying to avoid that process by warming himself at the candle—is very good; and the whole attitude, mental and physical, of

the humble old-fashioned servant towards his employer is conveyed in the amazing illustration which records Mr. Cratchett sitting with knees nervously drawn together, while the now reclaimed and reformed Mr. Scrooge presents the unwonted spectacle of brewing "a bowl of smoking bishop," that he may discuss, over it, the affairs of his clerk.

MESSRS. MARCUS WARD & Co. have sent us some specimens of their Concise Diaries, nicely bound, and of a convenient shape for the pocket. Their peculiarity seems to be that—to economise space—the diary proper is in four parts, one for each quarter of the year; but we fail to see sufficient advantage in this arrangement, to compensate for the risk of losing one of the later parts before it is wanted.

#### NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. JOSEPH POPE, assistant clerk to the Canadian Privy Council, and for many years confidential secretary to the late Sir John Macdonald, has in a forward state of preparation a memoir of that statesman. Lady Macdonald has placed at Mr. Pope's disposal the private papers of her husband; and a number of documents, many of them of great public interest, will now for the first time see the light.

MESSRS. LONGMANS have in the press *The Land of Home Rule*, being an account of the history and institutions of the Isle of Man, by Mr. Spencer Walpole, governor of the island.

THE Record Press will shortly issue *On Sledge and Horseback to Outcast Siberian Lepers*, by Miss Kate Marsden. It is dedicated, by special permission, to the Queen, and is illustrated with original drawings, sketches, &c.

A NEW poem by Mr. Buchanan will be published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus next week. The choice of the time for publication is partly explained by the title—*The Wandering Jew: A Christmas Carol*. The poem, however, is of contemporary interest. It will be followed, after a brief interval, by the second portion of *The Outcast*.

A NEW story by Mr. B. L. Farjeon is announced. Although sensational, it will present in a novel light some problems of heredity. The title is *A Fair Jewess*. The heroine is of Christian parentage, but when an infant she is adopted by a Jew as his daughter, and educated accordingly. The story proper commences when she is of age, her earlier years having been swiftly dealt with in a prologue. The work is being designed specially with a view to serial publication, and will appear through the agency of Messrs. Tillotson & Son, of Bolton.

MESSRS. WARD & DOWNEY will publish in January a novel by Lady Greville, entitled *That Hated Saxon*, descriptive of life in the house of an Irish master of hounds. It will be illustrated by Mr. E. J. Ellis.

*The Man with Seven Hearts* is the title of a volume of Christmas stories, by Mr. Arthur Burrell, which Mr. Elliot Stock announces for immediate publication.

MESSRS. GRIFFITH, FARRAN & Co. will shortly publish an illustrated Church Annual, with special articles on various departments of religious work. Among the writers are the Bishop of Peterborough and Dean Gregory. The illustrations will include portraits of the two archbishops at different stages of their life, and facsimile letters of Lord Tennyson and Mr. Gladstone.

A THIRD edition of *The Sinner's Comedy*, by "John Oliver Hobbes," has been called for, and will be ready immediately.



MR. HENRY DUNNING MACLEOD has been authorised by the India Currency Commission to prepare for their consideration a scheme for the restoration of the ancient gold standard of India.

At the monthly meeting of the Bibliographical Society, to be held on Monday next at 20, Hanover-square, Mr. H. B. Wheatley will read a paper on "The Present Condition of English Bibliography, and Suggestions for the Future." The reading of the paper will be followed by a discussion.

THE following are the lecture arrangements at the Royal Institution before Easter: Sir Robert Stawell Ball, six lectures (adapted to a juvenile auditory) on "Astronomy"; Prof. Victor Horsley, ten lectures on "The Brain"; Canon Ainger, three lectures on "Tennyson"; Prof. Patrick Geddes, four lectures on "The Factors of Organic Evolution"; the Rev. Dr. Augustus Jessopp, three lectures on "The Great Revival—a Study in Mediaeval History"; Prof. C. Hubert H. Parry, four lectures on "Expression and Design in Music" (with musical illustrations); Lord Rayleigh, six lectures on "Sound and Vibrations." The Friday evening meetings will begin on January 20, when a discourse will be given by Prof. Dewar on "Liquid Atmospheric Air"; succeeding discourses will probably be given by Mr. Francis Galton, Mr. Alexander Siemens, Prof. Charles Stewart, Prof. A. H. Church, Mr. Edward Hopkinson, Mr. George Simonds, Sir Herbert Maxwell, and Lord Rayleigh.

ON Friday next, Messrs. Sotheby will sell by auction the original MS. of *Poems by Two Brothers*, most of which is in the handwriting of the late laureate. It includes three poems which did not appear in the printed book. It seems that the publishers, Messrs. J. and J. Jackson, of Louth, were careful to keep together several letters from the two authors about the details of publication, the receipt for £20 for the copyright, &c. These will be sold in the same lot, as also a clean copy of the book, in the original boards, with white paper label.

MESSRS. SOTHEBY'S catalogue for next week further comprises an unusual number of those books which collectors value for different reasons. We must be content to mention first editions of Cocker's *Decimal Arithmetic* (1685), Mrs. Glasse's *Art of Cookery* (1747), Audubon's *Birds of America*, Poe's *Mesmerism in Articulo Mortis*, and some original drawings of Cruikshank for *Sketches by Boz*.

THE latest issue of "Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science" is devoted to Columbus. It contains (1) an address delivered at the Peabody Institute by Prof. Herbert B. Adams, the editor of the series, on "Columbus and his Discovery of America," which is both eloquent and scholarly; (2) a shorter oration by Prof. Henry Wood; (3) a curious discussion, by Prof. M. Kayserling, about the first Jew in America—it seems that several converts took part in the first expedition of Columbus, one of whom was employed as an interpreter, because of his knowledge of Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic; (4) an account, by Dr. Cyrus Adler, of a Turkish MS. which he obtained at Constantinople, giving a description of the New World, with maps and illustrations—the work has been printed, under the title of *Hadii Nev* (Constantinople, 1730), and seems to have been written in 1569-70; (5) a catalogue of bibliographies of the discovery of America, compiled by Mr. C. W. Bump, under the headings—Pre-Columbian claims, Columbus, Vespucci and the Cabots; (6) a list of Columbian memorials (including those projected), by the same compiler, from which it appears that the earliest in date is an obelisk at Baltimore,

erected by the French consul in 1792, presumably to commemorate the third centenary. The next is the tablet, with an ideal bust, which was placed in the cathedral of Havana in 1822. It is interesting to learn that no less than 115 places have been called after Columbus in the United States alone (mostly east of the Mississippi river, not to mention British Columbia or Columbian names in Central and South America. Finally (7), there is a note on the disputed question of Columbus portraits.

WE have received *Bosquejo de la Exposicion Histórico-Europea*, on the day of its opening. (Madrid: Velasco.) This is not a mere catalogue, but a description of documents, early printed books, and works of art of many kinds, brought together to illustrate the state of Spain in the fifteenth century. The Bulls sent by Leo XIII., the descriptions of MSS., and the bibliography of early printed works are of permanent interest.

THE *Law Almanac* for 1893 has been sent to us. The sheet is crammed with facts, and destitute of advertisements.

#### THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

HENCEFORTH the *Art Journal* will be published by Messrs. Bousod, Valadon & Co.; and we believe that the editorship also has undergone a change. The programme for the new year announces that

"a serious effort will be made to put the *Art Journal* more in touch with all the recent developments of art and of artistic expression, and it will not be forgotten that the great tendency of modern art is towards impressionism and breadth of treatment."

Among the artists of whom illustrated biographies are promised, we notice the names of Burne-Jones, J. M. Swan, Troyon, Degas, and Claude Monet. Mr. Tate has given exclusive permission for the publication of articles on his gallery of pictures by living British painters, which will soon be transferred by him to the nation; and in the middle of the year, a number of extra pages will be devoted to the various collections of artistic objects brought together at the Chicago Exhibition. Every number will in future contain two full-page illustrations, one an etching or a photograph. Those in preparation include, "Ophelia," by Sir J. E. Millais; "The Annunciation," by Mr. E. Burne-Jones; "Westminster," by Mr. Vicat Cole; and "Flora," by Mr. R. W. Macbeth.

TWO new stories will be commenced in the January number of *Temple Bar*: "Nemesis," by Miss Cholmondeley, author of "The Danvers Jewels"; and "Sunlight and Shadow," by a new writer.

COMMENCING with the January number, the *Westminster Review*, will in future be published by Messrs. Henry & Co., Bouverie-street.

THE *Sunday Friend* has been transferred to the Record Press, by whom it will henceforth be published in an enlarged form, with many new features.

IN the January part of *Little Folks*, which commences a new volume, will appear the opening chapters of a serial story by L. T. Meade, entitled "Beyond the Blue Mountains."

THE January part of *Cassell's Saturday Journal* will have for frontispiece a tinted reproduction of Mr. F. Barnard's picture of "Bill Sikes."

WITH the commencement of the new year *Anglo-Austria*, an English monthly magazine for the past three years published at Méran, in the Tyrol, will change its title to the *Anglo-Continental Magazine*.

#### UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

MR. E. B. ELLIOTT, of Queen's, has been elected to the Waynflete chair of pure mathematics at Oxford, which has been founded in connexion with Magdalen College.

MR. J. F. STENNING, of Wadham, has been elected to a senior demyship at the same college, which has been founded as an endowment for original research. Mr. Stenning obtained a first class in the school of Literae Semiticae, and also won many university scholarships for Hebrew and Greek.

THE election to the Lady Margaret chair of divinity at Cambridge, vacant by the death of Dr. Hort, will take place on Tuesday next, December 20, by public voting in the Senate-house of all bachelors and doctors of divinity who are also members of the senate. There are four candidates: Prof. Lumby, the Rev. Dr. A. J. Mason, the Rev. J. Armitage Robinson, and the Rev. Dr. F. Watson.

THE general board of studies at Cambridge have reported in favour of the appointment of a demonstrator of palaeozoology, which subject has, as a matter of fact, been taught in the Woodwardian Museum since 1878.

As the result of a subscription among the friends of the late Dr. Luard, a new clock has been placed in the tower of Great St. Mary's Church, at Cambridge, as a memorial of him.

THE address delivered by the Rev. Charles Barnes Upton, at the opening of the academic year at Manchester New College, has been published as a pamphlet (Oxford: Blackwell). The subject is "Are Ethics and Theology vitally connected?" and it is largely concerned with the prospects of the recently founded West London Ethical Society.

THE following letter, composed by Prof. G. G. Ramsay, has been sent by the University of Glasgow to Padua, on the occasion of the Galileo tercentenary:

"Gratias vobis nostri quam maximas referunt quod, in honorem Galilaei Galilaei celebraturi ferias, in partem nos gaudii vestri humanissime vocavistis.

"Quippe viri illius illustrissimi laudes non unius sunt aetatis, non unius temporis aut loci: ubicumque doctrinae florent, ubicumque existit aut scientiae studium aut amor veritatis, illic illius efferuntur laudes qui primus hunc orbem nostrum certis devinxit legibus, stellisque temere adhuc et incertis per infinitum spatium vagantibus suos modos et foedera imposuit.

"Idem ille veritatis adversus minantium vultus se praebuit tenacissimum; qui, spreta illa priorum ratione philosophorum qui levitate sua omnia sursum ferri crederent, primus in rerum natura quid posset gravitas docuerit, quid eadem posset in moribus constantissimum adversus pericula ostenderit.

"Itaque gratulamur vobis quod ad vos praecipue tanti viri laudes pertinuerint; nos autem, ut per labores assiduos adistere feris haud permisum, ita per dilectissimum nostrum Georgium Darwin, virum et suo et patris nomine de rerum scientia optime meritum, gratulationes nostras mittimus, celebrantibusque ferias fausta omnia et felicia praecamur."

ON the occasion of the opening of the new buildings of Liverpool University College, on Tuesday last, Mr. James Bryce announced that the Queen had been pleased to bestow £4000, out of the funds of the Duchy of Lancaster, upon the two colleges of the Victoria University, to be applied in some permanent form, as might be agreed upon by the authorities.

A PERFORMANCE of Sheridan's "The Rivals" was to be given this afternoon (Saturday) at Queen's College, Harley-street.

BY a curious blunder—for the lists of the staff of both institutions were before our eyes—we assigned Prof. Ridgway last week to the Royal College at Galway, instead of Cork.

It seems worthy of notice here that no less than three publications on the Gospel of Peter have already issued from Cambridge. The regius professor of divinity—who also promises to lecture upon the subject next term—has brought out a little pamphlet (Macmillans), containing the Greek text, handsomely printed, with a few verbal corrections. The Rev. J. Armitage Robinson, the editor of "Texts and Studies: Contributions to Biblical and Patristic Literature," has joined with Mr. M. R. James, one of the contributors to that series, in publishing two Lectures on the Gospel and the Revelation of Peter, dedicated to the late Prof. Hort (Cambridge University Press). This contains the Greek text of both fragments, together with emendations and marginal references to parallel passages in the New Testament. Both lecturers are particularly happy in indicating the relation of the newly discovered documents to other apocryphal literature. And finally, Mr. J. Rendel Harris, university reader in palaeography, has published a "popular account" (Hodder & Stoughton) in a little volume which we regret to find is dated 1893. The most interesting chapter is that which discusses the relations between the new Gospel and the Harmony of Tatian. For this raises the important question: What other sources besides the Four Gospels may not the spurious Peter have had before him? Mr. Rendel Harris naturally demands a facsimile reproduction of the Akhmim codex, such as he was himself the first to give of the *Didaché*.

#### ORIGINAL VERSE.

"SAY, PILGRIM, ART THOU FOR THE EAST  
INDEED?"—*Browning.*

AYE, truly, to the golden East I go,  
Leaving these city streets, the fog, the rain,  
The restless search for rest that none obtain,  
The ceaseless noise, the voices strong with woe  
For fair things blotted out, for hill and plain  
Covered with dismal houses row on row:  
Now step I ever towards the sunrise glow,  
To find earth's beauty and God's truth again.

There where the wilderness and ocean meet,  
And clumps of palm their slender shadows fling,  
The presence of the Invisible I greet:  
His speed is as the seabirds on the wing,  
His voice is as the blue sea's murmuring,  
His peace the desert's in the noonday heat.

PERCY ADDLESHAW.

#### OBITUARY.

WILLIAM NOEL WOODS, B.A.

ONLY a few weeks have passed since the ACADEMY recorded, in the death of Mr. John Peto, the loss of a veteran in the ranks of the workers who rallied to the appeal of the Philological Society for voluntary aid in the preparation of the New English Dictionary. It is now my sorrowful duty to commemorate one of the younger and, at the same time, of the most accomplished of our voluntary labourers, whom a deplorable accident has cut off in his very prime.

Mr. William Noel Woods, of 58, Elgin-road, Addiscombe, son of Mr. W. Fell Woods, of Forest Hill, was born in London in 1856. His school course began in the preparatory department of Rossall, but was mainly passed at Amersham Hall, Caversham, the well-known school of Mr. West, whence he matriculated at the University of London, and entered on the course at University College, going into residence at University Hall. At college he gained the Ricardo scholarship and the Andrews prize, and distinguished himself—among other subjects—in Anglo-Saxon, Early English, and English literature. He took his B.A., with

honours, in 1877, and afterwards proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he read—at first with much promise—for the Moral Science Tripos. Unhappily at this point his health gave way, and he was obliged to cease work entirely. A sea voyage in a sailing vessel to Australia and New Zealand restored him eventually to health; and after his return home he married Miss C. E. Anelay, a student of Bedford College, who, like himself, had taken an honours B.A. degree at the University of London. Mrs. Woods was a most accomplished lady, who, without failing in wifely, and in course of time maternal, duties, yet gave much time and labour to classes for girls and pupil teachers, and to work at Toynbee Hall and elsewhere. Unfortunately she died after a few days' illness in the end of 1890, leaving her husband with a bright little girl, the offspring of their union. This bereavement was a shock from which Mr. Woods never fully recovered; he removed from the home at Westcombe-park, Blackheath, to Addiscombe, and sought in change of scene and devotion to natural history and open air pursuits some palliation of his sorrow. On November 17 last he was practising at a small extemporised target with a revolver, which by some accident exploded in his hands, a bullet entered his brain through the right eye, and death was almost instantaneous.

Mr. Woods began to "read" for the Dictionary shortly after we issued our first appeal in 1879, after the time his health gave way, and read and extracted four books for us. After his return from abroad and settlement at Westcombe-park, finding that the preparatory "reading" was done, he offered himself as a "sub-editor"; and, in conjunction with his accomplished wife, they started with eagerness upon this as the hobby of their leisure hours. During 1885-6 the two sub-edited with scholarly taste a considerable portion of the letter H, and subsequently took the re-sub-editing of large parts of B, C, and F, which, having been sub-edited for the Philological Society in earlier times, now, with the accumulation of additional material and maturation of the final plan, stood in need of much new work. In every successive part of the Dictionary the prefatory note has recorded Mr. Woods's work; and now, when I turn up our sub-editors' record and look at the amount done by him, I am filled anew with admiration and gratitude for its extent, as, in building upon it in the final preparation of the "copy," I am delighted with its scholarly excellence. The bereavement of December, 1890, which cast such a shadow upon Mr. Woods's life, for some time checked his zeal, even in the service of the Dictionary. But from this he had at least partly recovered, and had received a fresh instalment of work, which he had all but finished when the disaster occurred which so prematurely closed his career; and it was from his executor, who found the Dictionary MS. among his effects, and learned from his correspondence what it was and whence it came, that I received somewhat tardy notice of his death. I am sure that lovers of our language will not willingly let die the names of those who, from unselfish devotion and service to that language, have laboured in the cause of the Dictionary; and among these names few deserve more honoured recognition than those of William Noel and Catherine Eyre Woods.

JAMES A. H. MURRAY.

#### MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

In the *Boletín* of the Real Academia de la Historia for November, Antonio Fabié reports upon the work of Señor Berlanga on the new bronze tablet found at Italica, near Seville, of which a Spanish translation is given. The original

is a decree of Marcus Aurelius and Commodus in 176 A.D., regulating the expenses of gladiatorial shows given by municipal officers in Spain and Gaul. M. E. M. O. Dognée of Liège has an admirable article, in French, full of interest, on a fine illustrated MS. preserved in the University of Liège. This he proves to be a Latin translation made in Andalusia in the fifteenth century of an Arabic work of Khalaf-abou'Caem (Albucassis), who died at Cordova in 1122. A full description of the MS. is given, a biography of this celebrated physician, a picture of his times, and also of life in Andalusia in the fifteenth century as depicted in the drawings of the MS. F. Codera describes briefly seven Arabic MSS. from the great Mosque at Tunis, sent to the exhibition of Madrid. Amador de los Ríos does the same for the so-called Pandon de Oran, which, on examination, proves not to be the banner taken at Oran by Cardinal Ximenes in 1509, but the earlier banner captured at the battle of the Salado by Alphonso XI. in 1340. Copies and translations of the numerous texts from the Koran inscribed on it are given. Padre Fita prints with comments a Bull of Alexander VI., appointing a Bishop of Greenland in 1492.

#### SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

##### GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BENOIST, Ch. Souverains, hommes d'état, hommes d'église. Paris: Lecène. 3 fr. 50 c.  
FROBENIUS, H. Die Heiden-Neger d. ägyptischen Sudan. Berlin: Nitachke. 9 M.  
GRAND-CARTERET, John. XIXe Siècle. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 30 fr.  
GRIVEAU, Maurice. Les Eléments du beau. Paris: Alcan. 4 fr. 50 c.  
HOHNEL, L. Ritter v. Zum Rudolph-See u. Stephanie-See. Die Forschungsreise d. Grafen Samuel Teleki in Ost-Aequatorial-Afrika 1887-1889, geschildert v. seinem Begleiter. Wien: Holder. 15 M.  
HUMBOLDT, W. v., u. E. M. ARNDT. Briefe an Johann Moench, hrsg. v. H. Meisner. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 3 M. 50 Pf.  
MAISONNEUVE-LACOSTE. Inde et Indo-Chine: les pays, les événements, les arts. Paris: Le Soudier. 3 fr. 50 c.  
MONUMENTA Germaniae paedagogica. 14. Bd. Geschichte der Erziehung der bayerischen Wittelsbacher von den frühesten Zeiten bis 1750, v. F. Schmidt. Berlin: Hofmann. 15 M.  
MÜLLER-GUTTENBRUNN, A. Im Jahrhundert Grillparzers. Wien: Kienrich. 4 M.  
SERAPHIM, E. u. A. Aus der kurländischen Vergangenheit. Stuttgart: Cotta. 6 M.  
SIEMENS, W. v. Lebenserinnerungen. Berlin: Springer. 5 M.  
SPULLER, Eug. L'évolution politique et sociale de l'église. Paris: Alcan. 3 fr. 50 c.

##### THEOLOGY, ETC.

- FREIMANN, J. Beiträge zur Geschichte der Bibel. exegese. 1. Hft. Des Gregorius Abulfarag, gen. Ba-Hebräus, Schollen zum Buche Daniel. Brunn: Epstein. 2 M.  
KRAUSE, K. Ch. F. Zur Religionsphilosophie u. speculativen Theologie. Hrsg. v. P. Hohlfeld u. A. Wünsche. Leipzig: Schulze. 3 M. 50 Pf.  
LAGARDE, P. de. Bibliotheca syriaca a P. de L. collectae, quae ad philologiam pertinent. 50 M. Psalterii graeci quinquagena prima, a P. de L. in usum scholarum edita. 5 M. Göttingen: Dieterich.

##### HISTORY.

- BRAUN, S. Naumburger Annalen v. J. 799 bis 1613. Hrsg. v. Küster. Naumburg: Sieling. 3 M. 50 Pf.  
DRUFFEL, A. v. Die Sendung d. Cardinal Sfondrato an den Hof Karls V. 1547-1548. 1. Th. München: Franz. 2 M. 50 Pf.  
THORNA, F. Geschichte der Stadt Leobschütz. Leobschütz: Schnurpfell. 6 M. 70 Pf.

##### PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- NOLL, F. Ueb. heterogene Induktion. Versuch e. Beitrags zur Kenntnis der Reizerscheinungen der Pflanzen. Leipzig: Engelmann. 3 M.  
REYER, E. Geologische u. geographische Experimente. 2. Hft. Vulkanische u. Massen-Eruptionen. Leipzig: Engelmann. 1 M. 80 Pf.  
ROULE, Louis. L'Embryologie générale. Paris: Reinwald. 5 fr.

##### PHILOLOGY, CLASSICAL ARCHAEOLOGY, ETC.

- BEITRÄGE ZUR Assyriologie u. vergleichenden semitischen Sprachwissenschaft, hrsg. v. F. Delitzsch u. P. Haupt. 2. Bd. 2. Hft. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 30 M.  
BIBLIOTHEK, Assyriologische, hrsg. v. F. Delitzsch u. P. Haupt. XI. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 30 M.  
BULLÉ, H. Die Stile in der archaischen Kunst der Griechen. München: Ackermann. 1 M. 50 Pf.  
LEHMANN, C. A. De Ciceronis ad Atticum epistulis recensendis et emendandis. Berlin: Weidmann. 6 M.



PICKARD, J. Der Standort der Schauspieler u. d. Chors im griechischen Theater d. 5. Jahrh. München: Ackermann. 1 M.  
 SCHLUTTER, W. Untersuchungen zur Geschichte der alt-sächsischen Sprache. 1. Thl. Die schwache Declination in der Sprache d. Heliand u. der kleineren as. Denkmäler. Göttingen: Peppmüller. 6 M.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

"W. B. SCOTT'S AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTES."

Rudgwick, Sussex: Dec. 12, 1892.

The ground covered by William Bell Scott's book is so wide, and the statements I felt compelled to challenge are at once so delicate, and so impossible either of direct proof or of direct disproof, that a discussion of the issues between Mr. Minto and myself would be out of the question in the columns of a public paper.

All I ask the reader to do is to consider Scott's remarks upon Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Ruskin's relations to the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood; to consider Scott's remarks upon Mr. Swinburne in relation to that gentleman's contradictions; to consider Scott's remarks upon Dr. Hake, in relation to the latter's own Rossetti-record, recently published, which offers so notable a contrast to that of Scott; to consider all these matters in connexion with my review in the ACADEMY (December 3), and with Mr. Minto's letter in answer to it, in last week's number; and then draw his own conclusions as to the value as a document of the Autobiographical Notes.

With Mr. Scott I had no quarrel, and had cause for none. With Mr. Minto I have no quarrel, and have cause for none. The question is one of evidence.

WILLIAM SHARP.

## THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO PETER.

Bodleian Library, Oxford: Dec. 11, 1892.

Taking Mr. Armitage Robinson's very careful text as the present standard one, I offer the following observations on it and on his accompanying lecture.

P. 83, 2.—*οὐδ' εἰς*. *Οὐδὲ* is not elided before *Ἡρώδης* in the same line, nor does our fragment elide anything except the prepositions *ἐν*, *ἀπὸ*, and *ὡς*. The *οὐδὲ* of the French text may represent an earlier *οὐδ' εἰς*—an itacism for *οὐδὲ εἰς*. I strongly suspect, however, that the early copies had *οὐδ' εἰς*, and that a copyist's eye has slipped.

P. 83, 2, 3.—*καὶ βουληθέντων εἰσάσθαι ἀνίστη Πιλάτου*. The MS. has a gap after *καὶ*, which the French editor fills with *[τῶν]*. Read quite certainly *καὶ οὐ, &c.*

P. 83, 13, 14.—*τῆς ἐορτῆς αὐτῶν*. I strongly suspect this to be a mere gloss, incorporated by a copyist's error.

P. 84, 17.—The *εἶπε* of the French text may stand—"was setting" (see Veitch's *Greek Verbs*).

P. 84, 17, 18.—*γέγραπται—πεφορευμένην*. Doubtless a mere marginal note, as the absence of *γὰρ* indicates. The writer of the Gospel had already stated the fact.

P. 84, 24.—*αὐτῆς ὥρας*. Surely there should be a *τῆς* either before or after *αὐτῆς*?

P. 85, 3, 4.—*ἐπειδὴ θεασάμενος ἦν ἰσα ἀγαθὰ ἐκείνου*. But has not the writer of the Gospel already told us that Pilate had begged the body from Herod for Joseph?

Surely these words are a marginal note on the malefactor's speech—*ὡνείδιζεν αὐτοὺς λέγων Ἡμεῖς διὰ τὰ κακὰ ἃ ἐποιήσαμεν οὕτω πεποιθόμεν· οὗτος δὲ σωτὴρ γενόμενος τῶν ἀνθρώπων, &c.* The early copies were transcribed in columns with a space between, on which anyone wrote what notes he liked; and, of course, anything so written might be taken to refer either to the words opposite it in the left-hand column, or to those opposite it in the right-hand column. In the case before us the words were surely written to explain why (in the left-hand column) the malefactor interfered, and called Jesus a saviour of men. The annotator supposed that he must have been a witness of the good deeds of Jesus; and in stating this supposition he has imitated the phraseology of the speech

itself. But a subsequent copyist took the words as an addition to the right-hand column, and inserted them there.

In Mr. Robinson's text I count 747 letters between p. 84, 10, *αὐτοὺς*, and p. 85, 4, *λαβάν* (excluding the gloss *γέγραπται—πεφορευμένην*). These ought to represent the length of one column less one line. Of course, uncial MSS., whether vellum or papyrus, vary in the space between the columns, in the number of lines in a column, in the length of the lines, and in the number of letters in a line; but anyone who will look at the Bodleian papyrus of Iliad II., and count the letters in a column, will see that my hypothesis is as technically possible as logically plausible.

P. 85, 19, 20.—*ἴδετε ὅτι πόσον δικαίος ἐστιν*. Unconstruable? Omit *ὅτι* as a gloss on the very unusual *πόσον*. We might accentuate *πόσον*, and render "that he is in some degree righteous"; but that would be intolerable.

P. 87, 22, 23.—*τίς δὲ ἀποκαλῶσιν ἡμῖν καὶ τὸν λίθον*. I doubt the *καὶ*; there was nothing else to roll away.

P. 88, 4.—*ἴδετε*. There is no need to change *ἴδατε* (see Moulton's Winer's *N.T. Grammar*, ed. 1877, p. 87, note 3).

P. 88, 5.—*ὅτι οὐκ ἐστιν*. Again unconstruable; and Mr. Robinson suggests adding *ᾧ*. Read either *ὁ δ. ἐστὶν* or *ὁ οὐκ ἐστιν ἐκεῖ*. It is singular that *ἐκεῖ* might be dispensed with in the next line; but I don't see how to account for any transposition. Was some reviser of the text offended by the close sequence of *ἐκείνου* in 3, *ἐκεῖ* in 5, and *ἐκεῖ* in 6, and did he consequently cancel *[ἐκεῖ]* in 5, without seeing that he was injuring the sense?

A little point of construing also occurs to me: *ἐθάψαμεν*, in p. 83, 11, is not "we should have buried"—which would have been *ἐθαψάμεν*—but "we were going to bury."

And now a word as to the cry from the cross. "My power, my power, thou hast (or, hast thou) forsaken me" (*Ἡ δύναμις μου, ἡ δύναμις, κατέλειψέν με*). Mr. Robinson says:

"The power," then, so often emphasised in S. Luke's Gospel in connexion with the person of our Lord, is here, by a strange perversion of our Lord's quotation from Ps. xxii. 1, described as forsaking Him; the Divine Christ is 'taken up,' the Human Christ remains upon the Cross. *Εἰ, Εἰ*, is rendered as 'My power, My power.' We are thus confirmed in the belief that this was the Gospel, as Serapion tells us, of the *Doketæ*."

Is this quite just to Doketists? The words of Jesus were spoken in Hebrew or Aramaic or a mixture of both; and, according to the greater number of early authorities, the form used in the First Gospel is *Eli* (not *Eloi*, which has the weight of authority in the Second Gospel). Mr. Robinson himself tells us that Justin, in interpreting "Israel," says that *ἡλ* means *δύναμις*, that Aquila rendered the words "my strong one," and that Eusebius says they mean "my strength." These three men were not Doketists; and why should a Doketist be charged with "a strange perversion" in rendering *el* into Greek as Justin and Eusebius rendered it? And surely, if a Doketist wanted to make out that the divine Christ left the body of the man Jesus before the death of the latter, the one thing he would naturally do would be to cleave to the canonical translation, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me," instead of altering "God" to a word which might mean merely physical strength. Note, moreover, that it is not the *δύναμις* (which had already forsaken the *Κόριος*) that *ἀνελήφθη* "was taken up," but the *Κόριος* himself.

If Mr. Robinson does not know of the instance, I may mention that the Syriac *Doctrine of Addaeus the Apostle*, a work probably not later than the third century, also contains a mention of the cry of woe (p. 18 of Wright's translation in the "Ante-Nicene Library").

Finally, I should like to give my own idea of what happened to Serapion. When he went to Rhossus, he probably prohibited the use of unauthorised scriptures. A deputation apparently came to him in great depression because this order stopped the use of their favourite Gospel according to Peter. He supposed they were all orthodox; and, without going through the Gospel, said, "If this is all that seems (*τὸ δοκοῦν*) to give you dis-

couragement (*δὲν παρέχειν μικροψυχίαν*), let it be read." He afterwards found out that their mind began to lurk in a certain heresy in consequence of what he had said, and so he was going to return speedily. Meanwhile he says they will receive from him a written exposition of the self-contradictions of Marcion—who was a Doketist—and that he has borrowed a copy of the Gospel of Peter from some of the later Doketists, the sect who first used it, and found that it was mostly orthodox, but that there were Doketic additions.

The words *Νῦν δὲ μαθὼν ὅτι αἰρέσει τινὶ δ τοὺς αὐτῶν ἐνεφάλευεν ἐκ τῶν λεχθέντων μοι* are rendered by Mr. Robinson as if the last four words belonged to *μαθὼν*, "But now that I have learned from information given me that their mind was lurking in some hole of heresy." He may be right; but, if so, Serapion's order of words is very unbusiness-like. I, on the other hand, suggest that Serapion's unhappy use of the word *δοκοῦν* in his answer to the deputation, coupled with the permission to use the Gospel, produced an impression that he was hinting approval of Doketism.

The entire passage is treated fully in my *Gospel according to the Hebrews* (pp. 87-90 and 115-16), where I proposed for *Μαρκίαν* *καὶ* to substitute *Μαρκίαν ὡς καὶ*. This conjecture is now shown, from Mr. Robinson's lecture, to be confirmed by the Armenian version.

EDWARD W. B. NICHOLSON.

## "COUVADE."—THE GENESIS OF A MODERN MYTH.

The Scriptorium, Oxford: Dec 14, 1892.

In my communication of November 10, I shewed that, at the time when English anthropologists assumed the name *couvade* for a group of customs reported to exist among various savages, the supposed evidence on which it was alleged that the "man-childbed" had come down to the present day in the Pyrenean region, and was known in Béarnese as *la couvade*, was no evidence at all, but a *crambe* of assertions. In my first letter I had stated that *couvade* was not a Béarnese word—that, in fact, the expression *faire la couvade* is no more Béarnese than it is Latin or English, but simply obsolete French; and in my second I discussed the use of the seventeenth century French phrase by Rochefort.

I had expected that Dr. Tylor, if he thought it worth his while to say any more on the subject, would do one of two things: either that he would adduce some fresh and actual evidence to show that, notwithstanding the worthlessness of that formerly alleged, the *couvade*, thing and name, had actually existed after all in the Pyrenean country, and that therefore the term was not so much a misnomer as it seemed; or that he would, in true scientific spirit, admit that there had been a mistake, or long chain of mistakes, and that the name was founded in error. He might still have pleaded that it had been generally accepted, and could not now be well disturbed; that, in one aspect, "language is the record of human error," and that terms of physical science in particular are apt to record only the guesses or mistakes of their first users, which fuller knowledge often completely falsifies. He might have pleaded that from the "firmament" of the first chapter of Genesis, or rather from the *στερέωμα* of the Septuagint which it renders, down to Lavoisier's "oxygen," and to names much later than "oxygen," language is full of such names given under misconception and error, and that *couvade* was only one more of them. And I should willingly shake hands with him over such a plea, on the understanding that, when scientists henceforth use *couvade*, they should use it simply as a name, and should not build theories upon its supposed etymology, as, for example, to explain it as meaning "hatching," and to argue thence that some kind of "hatching" by the father is thereby proved or implied. So we may call the last

railway accident a *disaster*; but if anyone were to assume from this that a sinister star actually caused the collision, and discussed the subject in that light before the Astronomical Society, it would be time for the etymologist to step in and point out that this was modern mythology, a repetition of the process in which Prof. Max Müller has seen the origin of ancient myths.

But "the unexpected always happens": Dr. Tylor has taken neither of these courses. He has alleged no fresh evidence in room of the supposed evidence which has now disappeared; yet he does not heartily accept the conclusion. He lets the question itself go against him by default, and attacks me on two entirely irrelevant matters. First, he alleges that I have misrepresented two recent authors whom I incidentally quoted after my summing up, and who have nothing in the world to do with the chain of "authorities" from whom Dr. Tylor's application of *couvade* was taken; and, secondly, he tries to shift the issue into a discussion of my duties as an editor of the New English Dictionary. Into this impertinency I certainly will not follow him. If he likes to appeal to "a far wider public" on that matter, it must be done as a substantive motion, and not as an amendment to burk the discussion of *couvade*, or to disguise the result of that discussion. I will only say that the way in which I may please to spend the scanty leisure which is left to me after giving sixty hours a week to the Dictionary is entirely a matter for myself. If I choose to spend some of it in probing modern myths, which I come across in the course of my work, it is quite as legitimate a recreation as playing golf or teaching the history of religion to the benighted Christians of Aberdeen.

As to the charge that I have misunderstood, and so misused, the words of Bladé and Vinson, if I had done so, it would not in the least affect the question at issue. These are not part of the "authorities" on whom Dr. Tylor's statements were founded; they are investigators like myself, who have written since and formed conclusions upon the evidence before them. But I have neither misunderstood nor misused them. M. Bladé's words *imposture historique* referred to the statements of Chaho and his followers; and I have shown that Chaho was the chief authority of Francisque Michel, and Michel of Dr. Tylor. Dr. Tylor, in order to convict me of error, now tries to separate the Basque *couvade* from the Béarnese *couvade*! I would only refer him, for his answer, to his own treatment of the subject in *Early History of Mankind* (p. 205). If the phrase *imposture historique* might be applied to the trunk of the myth tree, surely it may include all the branches. But the fun is, that I referred to M. Bladé's phrase, not to endorse it, but to disavow it, and to state my own opinion that nobody in the historical chain, not even Chaho himself, was a conscious impostor!

As to the charge that I have misrepresented Vinson, if I did not know that Vinson's book had been, in consequence of my asking for it, procured for the Taylorian Library, and eagerly borrowed by Dr. Tylor, I should have supposed that he was writing upon hearsay. The fragment of a sentence quoted by him is not Vinson's conclusion, but one of the elements which he discusses; he actually proceeds to inquire for more than a page as to the sources of the authors who have attributed the custom to the Béarnese, and traces it up, as I have already shown, to Colomies in the seventeenth century, when the thing was already a matter of *autrefois*. As to the utter want of any evidence of the recent existence of the custom "dans le Béarn ou le pays Basque," Vinson gives an account of the communication made to the

Société Scientifique de Pau in 1874 by M. Piche, "ancien conseiller de préfecture des Basses Pyrénées," proposing to that Society to investigate whether this strange custom had ever existed in Béarn or the Basque country, and if so whether any traces of it still remained. For this purpose M. Piche formulated a number of questions for circulation through the district. Vinson says that, "notwithstanding the publicity given to these questions by the journals of the department (i.e., Basses Pyrénées, which comprises Béarn and the French Basque country), no answer had up to the date of his book been received. The fact was, that so long as stray authors had referred to the "man-childbed" as a Béarnese custom of *autrefois*, or as a thing still practised in obscure and far-off corners of Biscay, the scientific men on the spot had paid no attention to them. But when, through the works of Francisque Michel, Dr. Tylor, and others, it began to be blazed throughout Europe that this strange custom still existed among them, they, or some of them (for M. V. Lespy, the secretary, pooh-poohed the myth), thought it was time to investigate. And the results up to the time of Prof. Vinson's book were nil, while he himself gave it as his personal experience that

"il n'a jamais pu rencontrer un cas vérifiable de *couvade*, bien que certains chercheurs maladroits et crédules aient été à ce propos, sous ses yeux, l'objet de mystifications plaisantes."

With one of these mystifications I conclude. After Prof. Vinson's essay was published there appeared at length, in the *Bulletin* of the Société for 1877-8 (vol. vii., p. 74), an official attestation, by M. Jacques Lafourcade, Maire de Labastide-Clairence, of the practice of the *couvade* in a family at Ayherre, attested also by P. Londaitz, Maire d'Ayherre. This seemed to be conclusive: one genuine case of the *couvade* had at last been discovered. But the incident has a sequel, which has been communicated to me by a well-known contributor to the ACADEMY, Mr. Wentworth Webster, of Sare, Basses Pyrénées, and which I have his permission to publish here, and will give in his own words:—

"A month or two ago, paying a visit to M. L'Abbé Haristoy, Curé de Ciboure, near St. Jean de Luz, I happened to refer to this circumstance. The abbé told me that he was formerly living at Labastide, that he knew all the parties to both attestations, that the whole thing was a farce, and was never intended originally to be taken seriously: that once, when Mme. L. was confined, M. L. was unwell; that the M. Etchecopar, Instituteur, mentioned in the attestation, happened to visit them, and finding M. L. in bed, and his wife getting up, said in a joke that it was a case of *la couvade*. M. and Mme. L. had never before heard of such a custom; but the two Maires took up the joke and made a formal attestation of the fact, without, at the time, wishing or meaning it to be taken as a scientific fact. Someone, however, sent it to Pau, and so it got into print. I urged M. Haristoy to communicate this statement to one of the Sociétés of which he is a member, or to reprint it in one of the *Revue*s; he has promised to do so."

Strabo's statements as to the physical hardihood of the Iberian, Celtic, Thracian, and other women, Mr. Wentworth Webster says, are still often verified in those regions. He has himself seen, in the case of one of his neighbours at St. Jean de Luz, a Spanish woman, who had been confined in the morning, out of doors at five in the afternoon; and he supposes she got her husband his supper as usual, and so "attended to him." Probably, if the husband were indisposed, or tired, or lazy, and in bed, the baby might even have been put in beside him. It has been whispered to me that some of the "mystifications plaisantes" referred to by Prof. Vinson consist of cases in which the wife was thus up and about, while her lord and master went to bed and took the baby, and (for a consideration of course) thus received the visits of

"chercheurs maladroits et crédules," or as we sometimes say, "intelligent foreigners." If the Pyrenean region became a showground, this might even become an important source of income to the natives; before that happens, it would be desirable that the Anthropological Institute should appoint a commission to investigate the whole matter historically and locally.

J. A. H. MURRAY.

#### JEWISH AND INDIAN PARALLELS.

Nervi, Genoa: Dec. 9, 1892.

The parable of the Prodigal Son seems to imply that, in the Jewish law, as in the Hindu law of all schools save the Gauriya, a son had a right to require from his father a partition of the family property.

The account of the man blind from his birth who was given sight seems to imply a belief analogous to that entertained by Hindus, as the ground of certain disabilities in their law, that congenital defects were the punishment of antecedent offences.

Can Dr. Neubauer, Dr. Gaster, or any other of your correspondents tell me if, in the Hebrew documents before our era, there is any trace of the right of a son to compel a partition by his father, or of the doctrine of successive births? If this doctrine and that right were unknown to the early Jews, it would be interesting to consider how far the Buddhist missions to the West may have introduced them.

J. P. K.

#### DANTE'S "GUIZZANTE."

University of Ghent, Belgium: Dec. 10, 1892.

In Mr. Paget Toynbee's interesting letter on Dante's "Guizzante," I find as the first objection to identifying that place with Cadsand: "Cadsand is not, and never has been, within the boundaries of Flanders."

Let me state that this is an error in mediaeval geography. As a matter of fact, Cadsand was situated in an island belonging to the county of Flanders, in the mouth of the river Scheldt, at the very time when Dante was writing. This situation remained the same till the beginning of the seventeenth century, when Maurice of Nassau conquered it from the King of Spain, Count of Flanders, and joined Cadsand to Sealand with the country around it, called from that time *Staats-Vlaanderen*—i.e., the Flanders belonging to the States of the Dutch Republic, or *Zeeuwisch-Vlaanderen*—i.e., the Flanders joined to Sealand (see G. Mees' *Historische Atlas van Noord-Nederland*).

PAUL FREDERICQ.

#### "KING SOLOMON'S WIVES."

St. Andrews: Dec. 8, 1892.

May I protest against a habit of second-hand booksellers, who constantly ascribe to me a work called *King Solomon's Wives* (1887)? The origin of the mistake is innocent; but I have denied the charge before, and when a bookseller advertises a copy as "Presentation copy from the author," adding my name, he seems impudent as well as ignorant.

A. LANG.

#### APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SUNDAY, Dec. 18, 4 p.m. Sunday Lecture: "The London Water Supply—a Scientific Answer to a Popular Question," by Dr. Percy F. Frankland.

7.30 p.m. Ethical: "Punishment," by Mr. E. G. Tatton.

MONDAY, Dec. 19, 5 p.m. London Institution: "Towers and Steeples," illustrated, by Mr. Arnold Mitchell.

7.30 p.m. Bibliographical: "The Present Condition of English Bibliography and Suggestions for the Future," by Mr. H. B. Wheatley.

8 p.m. Aristotelian: "The Measurement of Space, Time, and Matter," by Prof. A. G. Greenhill.

8.30 p.m. Geographical: "Expedition up the Juba River, through Somali Land," by Capt. G. F. Dundas.



TUESDAY, Dec. 20, 7.45 p.m. Statistical: "Distribution and Movement of the Population in India," by Mr. J. A. Baines.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "Gas Power for Electric Lighting," by Mr. J. Emerson Dowson.

8.30 p.m. Zoological: "The Remains of some Gigantic Land Tortoises and of *Didosaurus* recently discovered in Mauritius," by Dr. Hans Gadow; "Nine New Species of Amphipoda from the Tropical Atlantic," by the Rev. T. E. R. Stebbing; "Some New Species of Worms of the Family Acanthodrilidae and of the Genus *Perionyx* and other Genera," by Mr. F. E. Beddard.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 21, 7 p.m. Meteorological: "Moving Anticyclones in the Southern Hemisphere," by Mr. E. C. Russell; "The Tracks of Ocean Wind Systems in Transit over Australasia," by Capt. M. W. C. Hepworth; "A New Instrument for Cloud Measurements," by Dr. Nils Ekholm; "Rainfall of Nottinghamshire, 1861-90," by Mr. Henry Mellish.

8 p.m. Geological: "A Sauropteron Dinosaurian Vertebra from the Wealden of Hastings," by Mr. R. Lydekker; "Some Additional remains of Cestraciont and other Fish in the Green Gritty Marls, immediately overlying the Red Marls of the Upper Keuper in Warwickshire," by the Rev. P. B. Brodie; "*Calamostachys Binneyana*, Fehimp," by Mr. Thomas Hick; "Some Pennsylvanian Calamites," by Mr. W. S. Gresley; "Scandinavian Boulders at Cromer," by Herr Victor Madсен.

8 p.m. Microscopical: "New Species of Rotifers," by Mr. J. Hood; "The Chromatic Curves of Microscope Lenses," by Mr. E. M. Nelson.

## SCIENCE.

### A BOOK ABOUT THE BEAVER.

*Castorologia*; or, the History and Traditions of the Canadian Beaver. By Horace T. Martin. An Exhaustive Monograph popularly Written and fully Illustrated. (Stanford.)

THE title of Mr. Martin's work is to a certain extent a misnomer. It is admirably illustrated, and pleasantly written; but it is by no means "exhaustive." Even Mr. Morgan's much more comprehensive volume cannot justly claim that distinction. It does not even say all that might be said regarding the beaver in Eastern Canada, while the Further West is admittedly still represented in the literature of castorology solely by a paper communicated to the Linnean Society by Mr. Green and the reviewer some four and twenty years ago. Indeed, from the absence of any personal allusions in Mr. Martin's treatise, it is difficult to gather whether the author has anything like a familiar acquaintance with the beaver in a state of nature. In the more settled parts of the Dominion this would not be easy to obtain. Even at the time when the reviewer roved the wilds of the New World the beaver—except in the interior of Vancouver Island, then untrodden by any one, and some of the more remote parts of the equally untracked mainland—was a scarce animal, though again, owing to the low price of its fur, beginning to increase in numbers. When I first traversed districts hunted of old by the trappers, beaver dams, old beaver "lodges," and beaver meadows were almost the only "signs" of this once plentiful denizen of the Western waters. Returning a few years later, I was amazed at finding many of these spots swarming with beavers. In crossing from Fort Rupert to Koskeemo Sound in the spring of 1866 I could have shot a score of them; and, when encamped by the shores of the lake, which I named after Gilbert Sproat, the best of all Indian students, it was difficult to sleep for the number which slapped the water with their flat tails at night, apparently attracted by the flare of the unwonted camp-fire. But these were the days of gold-digging, and with beaver at five shillings per pound, the animal, which in

the early days of North America was almost the sole source of revenue, was permitted a brief holiday, which is now, with the increased price of its pelt, at an end. The *Castor canadensis* is still more plentiful than the bison; but in many of the localities where it was growing numerous in the years when America was in the midst of war, when railways across the continent were the dreams of sanguine men, and the Pacific a far-away sea, it must now be either extinct or once more on the wane.

If, however, Mr. Martin's monograph is not quite the last word on the natural history of the beaver, it is a welcome addition to our knowledge of the part it has played in the chronicles of the colony which used to be known as Nouvelle France—and elsewhere; for he does not limit himself to Canada. Mythology and folklore, fossil beavers, and the beaver in Europe—Lord Bute's colony included—the beaver in heraldry, and in taxidermy (where justice is seldom done to it) the beaver in medicine and the arts, and the more important American rodents allied to it—are all discussed, in addition to the anatomy, geographical distribution, and life-history of the animal. As the book contains only 238 pages, some of these chapters are very brief; and one or two of them might, with the facsimile title-pages of old treatises on *Castoreum*, have been usefully spared, in favour of a much required bibliography of the beaver, an index, and a table of contents.

However, accepting Mr. Martin's book as Mr. Martin has written it, no one capable of forming an instructed opinion can deny it the merit of being a useful contribution to a class of works, of which the number is not embarrassing. So far as the information goes, it is fairly accurate; and the best excuse for the author not going as far as we should have liked may be that he might have gone further than the facts at his disposal warranted. A few notes on some of the chapters are all that our space can find room for. Mr. Martin (p. 58) very justly points out the leading part which the beaver played in the exploration and settlement of the West. It was in pursuit of it that Mackenzie and Fraser, Astor's fur traders, and the pioneers of the North-West and Hudson's Bay Companies penetrated to the Pacific and to the confines of the Arctic Ocean. On Peace River the late Mr. Yale—who built Dunvegan Fort, and whose name lives in the town of Yale—told me that sixty or seventy years ago the price of a musket there was Rocky Mountain sables, worth in London at least £3 a piece, piled up on either side of the weapon placed butt downwards until they were level with the muzzle. For a six-shilling blanket the tariff in beavers was thirteen of the best quality and twenty of a less excellent description—beaver being at that time saleable for about 32s. per lb.—a good beaver skin weighing from one to one and a half pound. Mr. Martin very properly dismisses many of the old fables concerning the beaver, such as the neatly plastered houses and so forth—a myth which it is difficult to explain, unless on the supposition that the animal has in the course of two centuries altered its

habits: for from the Atlantic to the Pacific the "house" looks like nothing so much as a bundle of sticks, and might be passed for such by an inexperienced traveller. As a rule, the author is perfectly true in his strictures on the older writers. But I think he is at fault in pinning his faith so implicitly on Samuel Hearne's account. At best this referred solely to the colder portions of Eastern and Northern Canada. In the Far West—on the Pacific coast, for instance, where the streams and lakes frequented by the animal are seldom frozen over during winter—the beaver's habits assuredly vary from those described by Hearne, Richardson, and McKenzie (*Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*, vol. xi. pp. 299-302), a valuable paper with which Mr. Martin does not seem to be acquainted. I have put on record (*Journ. Linnean Society—Zoology*, vol. x.) many observations in direct opposition to those on which the latest historians of the *Castor* so undeservedly lean. It is, for example, erroneous to affirm (p. 224) that the beaver has only one entrance to its house, or that it is all on one floor; and I must say that I could never quite realise the "canal" which Mr. Morgan has described. The "kittens" generally number from three to four—most frequently four—but occasionally there are as many as eight, and in one instance, mentioned in my notes, amounted to ten. Sometimes the beaver does not build a house, but lives in a hole or "wash"—a fact which, though evidently unknown to Mr. Martin, confirms his suggestion that its "lodge" is simply a development of the musquash burrow. Mr. Martin (p. 72) accepts Captain Bonneville's dictum that the beaver lays in a store of sticks for winter food. At Fort Macleod I was assured by the late Chief Factor John Tod, one of the oldest and most intelligent of Hudson's Bay officers, that it secures a store of provisions at a convenient distance from its abode. But in Vancouver Island, where there is seldom any severe or long continued frost, the beaver does not accumulate any such hoard, and assuredly does not stack logs in the manner described by Bonneville. My experience is that where they do not become torpid—as they do by the side of waters frozen over for any length of time—they decline to eat bark out of which the sap has passed, though they will sometimes—so the trappers say—gnaw the wood to "keep their teeth down." However, it is impossible to discuss all of these points, many of which Mr. Martin pronounces upon with imperfect knowledge and too much confidence in the writers from whom he compiles so large a portion of his book. Nor can I agree with him as to the toothsome qualities of "beaver meat." A half-starved traveller will stomach anything. Yet after subsisting for nearly a fortnight on the many beavers whom we shot as they repaired their injured dams, I cannot conjure up any of those pleasures of palate over which Mr. Martin, smacking his lips (with second-hand gusto), would fain be so enthusiastic. As for the vaunted beaver tail, I may be permitted to quote the verdict of a certain Pro-Consul, famous for his gastronomic

tastes, to whom I introduced this dainty: "The man who, in cold blood, of his own free will, in any strait short of the extremity of famine, could deliberately eat that thing a second time, would relish a mess of whip-cord stewed in train oil!" Even the old trappers, with digestions capable of astounding feats, regarded the comrade who could eat two beaver's tails as a trencherman too powerful to be trusted in camp when the larder was running low.

Still, if Mr. Martin's volume is not without faults of omission and commission, it is not the less worthy of study, though we confess a tendency to the quotation of minor poets does not improve the literary flavour of his pages. Also, the fact of Sir John Richardson, Sir Richard Owen, and Sir William Flower being invariably quoted without the knightly prefix, might lead a casual reader to suppose either that the Canadian naturalist is inclined to "bandy words with his sovereign," or that his materials have been collected from very old editions of the works quoted.

ROBERT BROWN.

#### A MODERN GREEK READING-BOOK.

*Neohellenica.* By Prof. Constantinides. (Macmillans.)

THIS book is intended to serve at once as a help to the acquisition of the modern Greek language, and as an introduction to modern Greek literature. It is a common and not unfair complaint against the ordinary reading-books which are compiled for beginners, and for persons who need practice in a language, that they are either too difficult or else uninteresting. Both these faults have been avoided in the present volume. The plan which the author has pursued is an original one. Two scholars—the one a Greek called Androcles, the other an Englishman of the name of Wilson, who is supposed to be professor of Greek at Cambridge—discover that they are respectively intending to make a journey to Greece, and agree to travel together; and the book is a record of their conversations, which are here given both in Greek and in English, the two languages being introduced throughout in opposite columns of the same page. The subjects which they discuss are ordinary travellers' topics—the railway, the steamer, hotels, and vehicles, and the objects which they pass on the way. These form the web, so to speak, of the dialogue; but into this are worked numerous other topics, relating mainly to Greece, the Greek people, and the Greek language, which serve a variety of purposes, since they furnish information about the country and the men who have contributed most to its present prosperity and intellectual advancement, together with specimens of Greek as it has been spoken and written in different places and at different periods, and extracts from Greek writers of all ages from the Christian era down to the present century. The last of these subjects—which is introduced in the form of extracts from the Greek traveller's note-book, or from works which he is carrying with him—is methodically treated; for the two companions, while they are in the train or the steamboat, discuss the products of post-classical and modern Greek literature, or specimens of them, *seriatim*, and the Greek undertakes to initiate his fellow-traveller into their details. The route by which they journey is from London by the Mont Cenis to Brindisi, with halts at some of the most important cities, such as Florence, Rome, and Naples; and from Brindisi by way of

Corfu and Patras to Athens. The places passed on the way suggest a variety of interesting themes, but all these are brought round in the end to the question of Greece. Thus the approach to Florence recalls the assistance rendered to the revival of letters by the Greek refugees who settled in that city, both before and after the taking of Constantinople. In connexion with the same place, Dante is mentioned, and specimens of the *Divina Commedia* are given in Musurus Pasha's Modern Greek translation. In passing through Southern Italy on the way to Brindisi, which district during part of the Middle Ages contained a large number of Greek colonists, an account is furnished of the descendants of those who still occupy parts of the country and speak a peculiar dialect of Greek; and specimens of their songs and proverbs are introduced, with translations. The subject of proverbs suggests a further comparison of such adages as correspond in modern Greek and English; and from these we pass on to Greek riddles, both ancient and modern. Again, when Greek waters are reached, the history of the Armatolos and Klephts is started; and the stirring and pathetic tales of the fall of the fortress of Sulis and the cession of the town of Parga to Ali Pasha are told, and are illustrated by native ballads composed on those subjects. Nor is Byron neglected, and his expedition to Greece and death at Mesolonghi. These points, then, and others of a similar character, form one thread in the discussions or narratives—as the case may be—that are here recorded; and another is furnished, as we have already said, by the history of the literature, the account of which is resumed or dropped according as convenience suggests, and is never allowed to become wearisome or pedantic, but still forms a continuous study. In this way, when the travellers arrive at Athens, the Cambridge professor is supposed to have greatly improved both his acquaintance with the modern Greek language and his knowledge of the mediæval and modern literature of Greece; and we may hope that the same will be the case with Prof. Constantinides' readers, when they reach the end of his volume. Certainly they will not fail to be impressed with the adaptability of the Greek tongue, and the great variety of ideas and subjects which can be expressed in it. At the same time, it cannot be denied that the diction here employed is somewhat above the level of what is commonly in use for conversational purposes among ordinary people in Greece. The author, however, has made considerable concessions in this matter, and does not aim at quite as high a classical standard as some reformers of the language do. He excludes the infinitive and the future, and uses the dative only in the case of pronouns, and in a few phrases. He employs *μή* for "with," *ὕστερον ἀπὸ* for "after," and tolerates both *τάρα* and *ῥῆν*, both *κάνουν* and *κάνουναι*. Nor need any one quarrel with him if here and there his practice seems a little arbitrary: if *ψωμί* and *κρασί* are regularly used for "bread" and "wine," but *νερό* never for "water"; or if we find *τρίδινα*, *σαράντα*, and *ἑξήκοντα* by the side of *πενήκοντα*, *ἑξήκοντα* and *ἐννέκοντα*. In conclusion, a word of praise must be accorded to the English translation, which is natural and idiomatic, and not unfrequently extremely felicitous.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FRENCH WORD "LICORNE."

Bydenham Hill: Dec. 2, 1892.

Diez, Scheler, and Littré seem to me to have been a little too careless and much too offhand in their treatment of the derivation of this difficult word. As their remarks are very brief, and differ somewhat in detail, though the general

result is the same, I will give them at full length. Diez (5th ed., 1887) says:

"*Licorno* und *alicorno* It., *Py. alicornio* [also *alicorne*], *Fr. licorne* (f), *einhorn*; *entstellt aus unicornis*, *Sp. unicornio* u. s. w."

Scheler (3rd ed., 1888) has:

"*Licorne*, It., *licorno* (cp. *lio* *fante*), *alicorno*; *gâté du L. unicornis*, *Esp. unicornio*."

Littré is a little more explicit, and says:

"Portug. *alicornio*; Ital. *alicorno*, *licorno*; corruption du Latin *unicornis*, l'animal à une corne; de *unus*, un, une, et *corne* (pour le changement d'*n* en *l*, comparez *orphelin*). Dans plusieurs pièces du moyen âge il est question de l'*unicorne*."

They all agree, therefore, that *licorne* is a corruption of the Lat. *unicornis*; and Littré seems to think that the *n* of the older *unicorne* became *l*, and that then the *u*, after first becoming a perhaps (cf. *alicorno*), dropped. Scheler's opinion was very likely the same; but, from his quoting the Ital. *lio* *fante*, he seems to have been of opinion that in Italian there was some corruption with the word *lione* = lion; and so far he is right, as I shall show.

But what I contest is, not the change of the *n* into *l*, for this, of course, possible, but the change of the initial *u* into *a*, or its dropping altogether. I take the word to be Italian (why will be seen hereafter), and it is quite true that the Italians have been fond of cutting off an initial unaccented vowel. Thus we have *notomia* = *anatomia*, *piscopo* (Petrocchi) = *episcopo*, *micidio* = *omicidio*; but I cannot remember any case in which an initial *u* (a long full vowel in Italian) has either become *a* or has been cut off. Besides which, there are a number of other words in Italian beginning with *uni*, and in no one of them has, so far as I know, the *uni* been interfered with. In English, some people suppress it sometimes in *university*, when they substitute the hideous "varsity," but in our case there is no question of its entire suppression. I have been led to the conclusion, therefore, that in *licorne* the *li* has nothing whatever to do with the *uni* of *unicorne*. But for some little time I was puzzled to find any other explanation for the *li*. At length the discovery of the Span. *alicornio* (*Dicc. Enciclop. de la Leng. Esp. Madrid*, Gaspar y Roig, 1872) = "rincoceronte" or rhinoceros, put me on what I conceive to be the right scent. For then I remembered that in German a rhinoceros is sometimes called a *Nashorn* (= nosehorn), and I set about thinking how the meaning of nose could be got out of the *ali* of *alicornio*. It was a difficult task, but just then my brain happened to be stimulated (by no means for the first time) by the jolting of a railway carriage; and it quickly occurred to me that there might be an old Italian *naricornio* = rhinoceros, and, on my return home, I was gratified by finding this word in Petrocchi, as the change from it to *alicorno* is simple. The *r* became an *l*—a very common change in Italian (see Diez *Gram.*, 3rd ed., i. 222); and the *n* being looked upon as part of the article when *un naricornio* was pronounced, finished by dropping (cf. *arancia*, formerly *narancia*—Petrocchi, and *anchina* = our Nankin), and *alicorno* (later on *licorno*) was the result. Then, as lions were among the best known of wild beasts, and so had become mixed up with other animals, as in *leopard*, which was in Ital. *lionpardo* and *liopardo*, and as the *li* of *licorno* reminded one of *lione* and *lio*, so *licorno* was turned into

\* *Licorne*, according to Littré, dates back to the fifteenth century only. *Unicorne*, on the other hand, is found many centuries earlier, in Fr. Michel's old French version of the Psalms (Ps. xxi., 22; A. V. xxii., 21), "et des cornes des unicornes."

† *Alicorno* would seem to be a misprint for *alicornio*, for it is found among the *ali*'s (after *aliconda*), and not among the *ale*'s, as it ought to be.



*lioncorno* (Florio, 1598), and *liocorno*,\* the latter of which is (with *unicorno*, and perhaps more frequently) the form still used, for *licorno* is—I am told by an Italian lady—quite obsolete. Similarly, *elefante* became *lionfante* and *lio-fante* through the dropping of the *e* (Petrocchi gives *lefante*), and the change of the *le*, which was probably sometimes written *li*, as in Mid. Eng. (see the N. E. D.), and so recalled the *li* of *lione*.

In conclusion, I need scarcely point out why a word which originally denoted a rhinoceros came to signify a unicorn only. The two animals agree in having (as a rule) one horn only, though in the one case it is on the forehead, in the other on the nose.

F. CHANCE.

P.S.—Since writing the above, I have discovered one instance in which an initial *u*, and that an accented one, has been dropped. This instance is *pūppa*, with the diminutive forms *pūppola* and *pūppola*, which Petrocchi gives = *ūppa* (our "hoopoe"). A Tuscan lady tells me that she has heard these words, but only among the peasantry, and Petrocchi gives them below the text; so that they are probably obsolete or but little used among the educated. It seems to me not unlikely that *pūppa* was formed, not directly from *ūppa*, by the dropping of the *u* and the transference of the accent, but indirectly from *pūppola*. *Ūppola*, with the accent still remaining on the initial *u*, would have been difficult to pronounce (for, if the word is still heard in polite society, it is with a secondary accent on the second *u* which is lengthened); and thus it was, probably, that the initial *u* came to be dropped. And *pūp(p)ola*, once adopted, would certainly be looked upon as springing from a form *pūp(p)u*, and so this also would come into use. At all events, this one instance of the dropping of an initial *u* can scarcely be held to weaken my derivation, which is essentially based upon other and weightier grounds.

#### PHILOLOGY NOTES.

M. PHILIPPE BERGER, the Semitic scholar, has been elected a member of the Académie des Inscriptions, by 26 votes to 8, in the room of M. Renan. His competitor was M. Eugène Müntz, the historian of art.

THE December number of the *Classical Review* (David Nutt) opens with an article by Mr. F. G. Kenyon, in which he identifies a few more fragments of Hyperides, and also of the Second Olynthiac of Demosthenes, in a papyrus from Egypt. Mr. J. H. Kirkland, of Vanderbilt University, discusses at some length the Latin prenominal forms *quoius* and *quoiei*, and the preposition *quom*. Among the reviews, Prof. Sonnenschein again notices a German edition of Plautus; Prof. Nettleship gives an account of a French book on the Latin of Gregory of Tours; and Mr. T. W. Allen of the Abbé Batiffol's second work on the Greek MSS. in the Vatican, which is connected with the Hellenisation of Southern Italy. In this number, however, archaeology has a large place. Mr. Cecil Smith summarises the tedious controversy (in the ACADEMY and elsewhere) upon the date of Aegean or Mycenaean pottery, with reference to the Egyptian evidence. His method is to state first the facts by which the theory of an early date is supported, and then to give briefly the substance of Mr. Cecil Torr's criticism on each point. Mr. Smith reserves criticism on Prof. Petrie's excavations at Tel el-Amarna, until the full evidence is published; but he adds, from a German source, wall-paint-

ings from three Theban tombs, circa 1600 B.C. Mr. Torr himself contributes a critical review of Walter Leaf's "Companion to the Iliad," Mr. Warwick Wroth discusses Prof. Ridgway's "Origin of Metallic Currency," dealing chiefly with the question of the meaning of Greek coin-types; Miss Jane E. Harrison notices Dr. Waldstein's publication of the results of the excavation of the Heraion at Argos, reserving the prehistoric finds for a separate article; and the Rev. W. Wayte examines from the classical point of view Falkener's "Ancient Games," criticising his mode of dealing with Greek and Latin authors.

#### REPORTS OF SOCIETIES.

CAMBRIDGE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Thursday, Dec. 1.)

PROF. JERR, president, in the chair.—The president read a paper on a series of points in Soph. *El.* 680—763 (the description of the Pythian games), among which were the following:—(1) Verse 686. *ἡ φύσει* is untenable, even with any of the proposed alterations of *τέρματα*. Musgrave's *τάφσει* gives the best solution. It requires us to suppose that this race was either (1) the *δίαυλος*, or (2) the *δελιχος*. The words in v. 684, *δρόμου . . . οὐ πρώτη κρίσις*, might be claimed in favour of the *δελιχος*: for Paus. 6. 13 § 3 (referring to the triple victory of Polites) places the foot-races at Olympia in this order, 1. *δελιχος*, 2. *στάδιον*, 3. *δίαυλος*. The same order occurs in *C. I. G.* 1590, 1591 (games at Thespiae, circ. 240 B.C.) and *ib.* 2214 (games at Chios, circ. 100—80 B.C.). (2) 691 f. *δρόμων διάυλων πένταθ' ἂν νομίζεσθαι*, | *τούτων κ.τ.λ.* Verse 691 has never been corrected in any tolerable manner. It was probably an interpolation, prompted by a general phrase in the text. Nauck brackets the words *διάυλων . . . τούτων*, both inclusive, sparing *δρόμων*. But (a) there would then have been no motive for an interpolated reference to the *πένταθλον*; and (b) the tone of vv. 688 f. suggests that the unrivalled *ἔργα καὶ κράτη* of Orestes were not confined to running, but included some feats in the other branch of the *γυμνικὸν ἀγώνες*, the *βαρὺά δόξα*. Now, if v. 692 had originally begun with the word *ἔθλων*, that would have given an opening for the interpolation of v. 691, and the interpolation itself would account for the change of *ἔθλων* into *τούτων*. Omitting v. 691, we could, indeed, retain *τούτων* in 692; but the neuter pronoun would be awkwardly vague in such a context. (3) 703. For *ἐν τούτοις* ("among" these) Nauck substitutes *ἐν τούτοις* ("next to" them), pronouncing *ἐν* impossible. The change would be plausible only if the competitors were described as ranged in line for the start. But there is no reason for supposing that the order of mention here is identical with the order presently fixed by lot (709 f.). The Homeric chariot-race (which Sophocles had in mind, as several touches show) warrants the contrary supposition; since the order in which the Homeric competitors are first enumerated (*Il.* 23. 288 f.) differs from that in which they are afterwards placed by lot (352 f.). (4) 709. *3ῶ ἀνθρώποις*. The objection to *3ῶ* (*3ῶ*) is not merely that tragedy elsewhere admits it only in lyrics, but also that, even then, it is not elided (though the elision has epic precedent). If, as Nauck thinks, the true word is *ῶ*, a gloss *οῦ*, marking the local sense, might have led to *3ῶ*. *3ῶ(ε)* is hardly probable after *στάδιον* δ'. (5) 743. *λύων* ought not to be changed (as some have proposed) to a word of the contrary sense, such as *τίγριν* or *ἑισαχόν*. The effect of slackening the left rein too soon might be such as the poet describes; who here represents Orestes as forgetful, for once, of Nestor's precept, hitherto observed by him (720 f., *Il.* 23. 338 f.).—Questions of interpretation in 710, 716—719, 726 f., 731 f., 748, 752 f., were also discussed.—Dr. Postgate communicated emendations of Catullus LXIV 402 "liber ut innuptae poteretur flore *numerae*," read *nuriculae* (=nuculae). And of Propertius II. 32 35 "quamvis Ida *Parim* pastorem dicat amasse atque inter pecudes accubuisse deam." Read *Rheam* (or *Rheo*). The reference is to the fable preserved in Theocrit. 20. 40 καὶ τῷ, *ῥέας, φιλεῖς τὸν βοῦκόλον*, Tertullian ad nat. 1, 149 "Cybele pastorem suspirat."

ELIZABETHAN SOCIETY.—(Wednesday, Dec. 7.)

J. A. JENKINSON, Esq., in the chair.—Mr. James Ernest Baker read a paper on "Sir Thomas Browne." The writings of Sir Thomas Browne will never appeal to the taste of "the man in the street"; neither is it to be expected that they will attract the attention of the ordinary reader. They must always prove caviare to the multitude. But to the select few, anxious to satisfy a desire of indulging in peculiar and uncommon speculations, they shall ever prove a source of infinite pleasure and exquisite satisfaction. To such, Sir Thomas Browne will serve as the golden key which shall open the palace of literary enjoyment and delight; that is to say, reverent enjoyment of composing and philosophical reflections on the most solemn and momentous facts of human existence, and unfeigned delight in out-of-the-way learning pertaining to astrology, alchemy, and other unusual objects of interest. And your humourist, too, if he possesses the essential understanding, may glean from his pages a bountiful harvest of wit. For the whimsical absurdities of Sir Thomas Browne are many and extraordinary. Yet the manifestation of the fruition of the humourist will not display itself in the noisy laugh, but in the more endurable smile which shall ripple frequently across his face. Sir Thomas Browne seems to have indulged in the art of writing in order that he might learnedly expatiate on the natural history of the griffin and salamander, the basilisk and the amphisbena, and discuss with profound solemnity the most obsolete and impenetrable problems. And when you put your book down, you are as far off from the solution of the questions as you were when you commenced to read. But over all his mystifying cogitations are cast the glamour of wise thought, and the irresistible charm of a strangely beautiful and harmonious style. To

"A generation ranked  
In gloomy noddings over life,"

here is much to be truly thankful for: a delectable privacy which no one may wantonly desecrate. The taste for these writings is an acquired one, and must be obtained by reading them again and again until you come to understand the spirit in which they were conceived. Not until you have made many charges against the fortress shall you find the enemy giving way. Then you will perceive your dislike as dead as Tarpeia under the bucklers of the Sabines. There are few events in Sir Thomas Browne's career that demand particular attention. The best part of his life was passed in tolerable prosperity. No great sorrow laid its hand upon his heart, and the ordinary cares and vicissitudes of the world disturbed neither the tranquillity of his mind nor the serenity of his temper. He was born in London on October 19, 1605, and passed to the majority at Norwich on his seventy-seventh birthday. To an ordinary individual it were no portentous coincidence that a man should die on the date of the day of his birth. We, who have read what he wrote in his *Letter to a Friend*, know that Sir Thomas regarded such an unusual circumstance as otherwise, though he informs us that "though astrology hath taken witty pains to solve, yet hath it been very wary in making predictions of it." He received his early education at Winchester, and afterwards proceeded to Pembroke College, Oxford, taking his B.A. degree in 1627, and his degree of M.A. in 1629. He chose medicine as a profession, and he practised as a physician for a short time in Oxfordshire. Afterwards he accompanied his father-in-law, Sir Thomas Dutton, on a tour through Ireland, visiting the castles and forts of that country. Next, we find him settling down in the south of France, at Montpellier, where he continued his study of medicine. He journeyed on to the Italian University of Padua. Here, necromancy and astronomy were favourite subjects for discussion; and Browne undoubtedly found himself in congenial society, and able to display to advantage his peculiar mental equipment. He travelled home northwards by way of Protestant Leyden, where he took his degree of Doctor of Medicine in 1633. Arriving in England, he finally settled down at Norwich, where he passed the remainder of his life. He attained considerable reputation as a physician, and corresponded with several well-known men of his time. In 1665 he was elected an honorary fellow of

\* In the Psalm already quoted—viz., xxii., 21 (A.V.)—lions and unicorns are associated together, as they are also in the arms of our royal family, though there, apparently, only because the unicorn was in the Scotch royal arms.

the College of Physicians, *virtute et literis ornatisimus*. In 1671 Charles II. visited Norwich, and conferred the honour of knighthood on Browne. Evelyn visited his home, and wrote the following charming description of it: "His whole house and garden being a paradise and cabinet of rarities, and that of the best collections, especially medals, books, plants, and natural things." Sir Thomas entertained strange opinions on marriage, which are by no means flattering to the gentle sex. Listen to what he ungraciously maintains: "The whole world was made for man, but only the twelfth of man for woman. Man is the whole world and the breath of God; woman the rib and crooked part of man." He wishes that we might grow like trees, and avoid a ridiculous ceremony. And yet he confesses that he is naturally amorous of all that is beautiful, and discourses very poetically on the music there is in beauty—"the silent note which Cupid strikes is far sweeter than the sound of an instrument." That he should marry just before the announcement of these opinions is perhaps what one naturally expected him to do. But they lived happily together, and had eleven children. That he learnt while on his travels one of the noblest lessons a man can learn in his brief existence—that of gracious toleration of other men's opinions—is evident from the abundant charity with which he treated the Roman Catholics in his writings. Religious bigotry shall, indubitably, not find its saving help in Sir Thomas Browne. We are sorry to say, however, that he had a firm belief in witchcraft; and it is a regrettable incident in his career that in 1664 he helped by his evidence to bring about the death of certain witches tried by Sir Matthew Hale. The first edition of the *Religio Medici* was published surreptitiously. Lord Dorset sent the volume to Sir Kenelm Digby, then in Winchester House under arrest. Sir Kenelm Digby read it with interest, and immediately wrote, in the course of twenty-four hours, his *Observations or Animadversions* upon the work. Sir Thomas, hearing of the circulation of the manuscript, wrote to its author and asked him to delay its publication until he published a correct copy. The authorised edition saw the light in 1643, with "an admonition to such as shall peruse the *Observations* upon a former corrupt copy of this book," the observations referred to being those written by Sir Kenelm Digby. In the intervals of his "drugging practice" Sir Thomas wrote other books. In 1646 he published his *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*; or *Enquiries into Vulgar Errors*; in 1658 his *Hydriotaphia: Urn Burial*, or a discourse on the Sepulchral Urns lately found in Norfolk; and in the same year *The Garden of Cyrus*; or the Quincunxial Looze, or Network Plantations of the Ancients, Artificially, Naturally, Mystically Considered. They are all singularly curious works, over which you may puzzle your head and yet read with a keen sense of pleasure. Mr. Baker proceeded to criticise at some length the *Religio Medici*, the *Urn Burial*, and the *Garden of Cyrus*, and touched briefly on the *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, the *Letter to a Friend*, the essay on *Dreams*, and the treatise on *Christian Morals*. He concluded his paper by observing that possibly it is the style of Sir Thomas Browne which has the greatest attraction for us, the most lasting and enduring charm. No lover of a rightly ordered style can afford to neglect the reading of such masterpieces of English prose as the *Religio Medici* and *Urn Burial*. These works we should study chiefly for the refined and artistic enjoyment of the unsurpassable melody of their prose. And this melody is not the pure strain of the thrush or the lark, but the superb and majestic roll of organ music round the roof and pillars of some beautiful cathedral, when the amber sunlight, slanting from stained-glass windows of Christ and saint, trembles through the incense-laden air. It may not possess the exquisite delicacy, the fragrant perfume of thought, the sweetness and copiousness, the grace and magic, the keen brilliancy of phrase appertaining to many writers of this century; but it has variety of finely modulated cadences, vigorous enunciation of uncommon ideas, an impressive and commanding sedateness, which is specially unique and strikingly original.

RUSKIN SOCIETY.—(Friday, Dec. 9.)

J. ELLIOTT VINEY, Esq., vice-president, in the chair.—A paper, entitled "Art on the Modern

English Stage," was read by Mr. C. T. J. Hiatt. After making allusion to the actors of the past—such as Garrick, Kean, and Mrs. Siddons—and those of the present day—viz., Irving, Beerbohm-Tree and Hare, Miss Terry and Mrs. Kendal—Mr. Hiatt gave it as his opinion that the true test of the acting of the day is, whether or not it can adequately interpret the drama of the day; not the great classical masterpieces of Shakspeare and the rest, but the average play which the contemporary dramatist produces, for representations of the classics are at present the exception and not the rule. It may be admitted that, although the majority of new plays are failures financially as well as artistically, they very rarely fail through bad acting; on the other hand, their success is frequently owing to good acting. For some years the place of the decorative arts at the theatre has become more and more conspicuous. The mounting of modern plays seems, on the whole, extremely artistic. The modern interiors, for instance, in Mr. Jones's "Crusaders," were positively charming, and in them (adapting a phrase attributed to Mr. Oscar Wilde) "the furniture and ornaments seemed not to have been placed, but to occur." The splendour of the revivals at the Lyceum make them really valuable historical pictures—far more valuable and far more inspiring than the painted history one sees which often passes for art. At present, a modern dramatist must fill the theatre; if he can be artistic while doing so, well and good. He must either write down to the average playgoer or raise the average playgoer up to him. The plays of Mr. H. A. Jones and Mr. Pinero were compared, and referred to as improvements on many plays by former writers. One of the first things to be done is to press into the service of the stage writers who have secured distinction in other, though to some extent allied, literary forms. As an instance of considerable success in this direction, Mr. Hiatt mentioned "Walker, London," by Mr. J. M. Barrie. The piece, as it was originally produced, has been played for three hundred nights, and is still being played; it has needed no cutting, no mutilation of any kind. It is not too much to hope that Mr. Barrie will give us as fine a play as he has already given a novel. Mr. Oscar Wilde has achieved emphatic success with a serious play, "Lady Windermere's Fan"—a play written in such fine English that, in spite of its old-fashioned technics, it deserved the applause with which it was greeted. By accepting such plays as these the public will induce writers of distinction to attempt the drama, and their own taste will improve—for does not the appetite grow by what it feeds upon? Though a State-aided theatre as a means of promoting art on the modern stage is a pleasant dream very unlikely to be realised, a private society, founded with the same intention, is already an accomplished fact—namely, the Independent Theatre—its one desire being to promote good dramatic writing. Plays by Mr. Walter Besant and Mr. George Moore are underlined for production there. In conclusion, Mr. Hiatt appealed to his audience to do all in their power to be the means of introducing to a whole nation a splendid literature—a literature which should be constantly growing. This might be a very hard thing to do, but decidedly no ignoble thing.

## FINE ART.

*Preferences in Art, Life, and Literature.*  
By Harry Quilter. (Sonnenschein.)

MR. QUILTER'S *Preferences* is a bulky volume; but, as I have had occasion to say elsewhere, it is difficult to persuade oneself that it is a book. Yet the author—who puts energy into his work, as well as honesty and shrewdness—has done his best to make it one. Was not the task impossible? What unity can there be between the covers of a volume in one part of which Mr. Quilter traces, with an almost superfluous though dignified care, the history of that pre-Raphaelite movement whose importance (albeit he is by no means a partisan) he

seems to exaggerate; in another part of which he tells us very sympathetically what a landlady on the Cornish coast thought of Miss Amy Levy, the young poetess and novelist, a born pessimist, yet a gifted and magnetic young woman, who had stayed with her before Mr. Quilter was her guest; and in yet another part of which he gives, if I dare to say it, final and gorgeous burial in a sarcophagus of gilding and blue cloth to all that remains of perhaps a couple of hundred articles buried previously in the back numbers of *The Spectator*. In material so miscellaneous as this—and with a discourse on Wilkie Collins thrown in—I do not, for my own part, quite discern the possibilities of a book. What I discern is the possibility of a wonderful scrap-book, compiled for the writer's edification and instruction in righteousness—that his memory might be jogged from time to time as to what and who it was right to admire or right even to condemn.

But to Mr. Quilter it has seemed otherwise. And he has been at a good deal of pains in the careful abridgment and in the partial re-writing, up to date, of the criticisms which, though inspired by no singular and subtle sensitiveness, carried, during a good many years, common sense notions of art into quarters not ready, probably, to receive the last refinements of taste—quarters not likely at all to be in sympathy with them—but in which common sense and some thoughtfulness were at all events open to be appreciated. Imagine the average robust intelligence—little concerned with art at all, though quite sensible in regard to life—imagine the "plain man," to whom the artistic view of things is pure impossibility—imagine him discoursed to, at length and with refinements, on that art of Mr. Whistler's, which must be met half way, or on the design of Albert Moore or Sir Frederic Leighton. Whatever obvious unveracities exist and must exist in these men's works—in order that the qualities they seek for may be fully attained and uninterruptedly displayed—such unveracities are exactly the things which strike the plain man most: he is delighted at his own critical power when he perceives them and points them out to his friends. In art the things that charm him—the things that he thinks serious—are the things with a moral or a sentiment. In other words he is charmed with the sentiment and the moral, and left untouched by the art. Now Mr. Quilter—to do him justice—during the years that he sat in the seat of judgment, did not too much humour this plain man, this average robust intelligence. But he did take account of him, and he had to; and there was something in his own temperament that fitted him to address the plain man with success. The plain man likes a writer who—in his judgment—does not hedge and modify, scrupulously qualify and protect. Mr. Quilter was fearless and abrupt. He was sometimes, as it seems to me, without due sense of proportion. But that is a failing common to most who write under the influence of the immediate impression; and this defect Mr. Quilter has to some extent made good by the thoughtful revision which



he has given to such of his old criticism as he has made use of, or allowed to stand, in the present volume. Most of that criticism is sound.

When I mentioned the names of Sir Frederic Leighton, Mr. Whistler, and Mr. Albert Moore, I did not mean to convey the notion that the author of *Preferences* had given them exactly a back seat—that he had in any particular measure failed to understand them. He simply has not “insisted” on them. He has not been pertinacious in their advocacy. In regard to his relations with an admitted past master of “the gentle art of making enemies”—of the gentle art, rather, of ingeniously misunderstanding what the well-disposed have tried to say in your favour (for that is Mr. Whistler’s accomplishment)—they are, perhaps, eminently creditable to him. Mr. Quilter conceives himself to have been in many ways attacked by one of the most engaging of contemporary painters—quite the most brilliant of contemporary etchers; and, for a while, he felt, he says, indisposed to criticise the artist, since he knew or supposed that he must criticise him with prejudice. He has got over that indisposition. Briefly but strongly he has seen fit to record—and, I think, for my own part, that as judge and as gentleman he could do no less—he has seen fit to record his admiration of this and that Whistlerian masterpiece. And by so doing—by showing a generosity and justice which will commend themselves, as all the world must be convinced, to the Whistlerian conscience—he has had, thus far at least, much the best of the business. Of course the precise measure of his appreciation of Mr. Whistler’s work, in the different parts of it, may well be a matter open to discussion, when his justice and generosity have been allowed. I, myself, for example, could have wished that, in a volume dealing so extensively with the varied art productions of the last twenty years, there had been ample recognition of Mr. Whistler’s extraordinary performances in etching. That there is not, is, after all, but a pardonable instance of that want of complete proportion in Mr. Quilter’s estimates, which has been already indicated.

There is reason to conjecture that Mr. Quilter prides himself a good deal on the character and range of the illustrations which accompany this volume, and which have been printed carefully in Paris. The illustrations do certainly show the wide area of his “preferences,” while his aversions they mercifully leave untouched. And they are on the whole well executed. They render as adequately, perhaps, as black and white can render—under the conditions here laid down—the effect of the originals. Some endeavour to translate in full; some, to afford memoranda. They succeed in different measure. Very good is an illustration that accompanies a thoughtful paper on Mr. Watts’s art, and most excellent is the “Summer Nights” of Mr. Albert Moore. Good, also, are others besides. But reproductions in black and white do but seldom, I admit, stir me to the point of enthusiasm reached, it would seem,

by so many. To me the notion that an “illustration” conveys is generally some other notion than the one which it was produced to convey.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

#### NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. ALFRED GILBERT, A.R.A., the sculptor, has been elected a full member of the Royal Academy.

THE only exhibitions that open next week are: a collection of pictures painted for the *Figaro Illustré*, at the Goupil Gallery, in New Bond-street; and an oil-painting by M. Luis Faléro, entitled “A Comet crossing the Zodiac,” at Messrs. C. E. Cliffords’, in Piccadilly.

MESSRS. DEPREZ & GUTEKUNST are fortunate enough to have in their possession at the present moment an impression of Rembrandt’s “Christ Healing the Sick” (the “Hundred Guilder”), which is hardly, if at all, inferior to the marvellous impression of this masterpiece of the master which appeared in the Richard Fisher sale last season. Like that for which, roughly speaking, about five hundred pounds was given, the impression now in question is, of course, in the second state—first states of the “Hundred Guilder” being even more absolutely *introuvable* than first states of Méryon’s “Abside de Notre Dame.” In each case it is with the finest impression of the second state that he can lay hands upon that the best endowed collector has generally to content himself.

MR. WHITLEY STOKES has been elected an honorary member of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.

MR. JAMES PATON, superintendent of the Corporation Galleries of Art at Glasgow, has prepared a fifth edition of the catalogue of pictures and sculpture under his charge, illustrated with several colotype reproductions. This collection, which deserves to be better known, is especially rich in examples of the Dutch school, though it also includes some fine Italian works. Mr. Paton has sought advice from experts, and his descriptive and historical notes display both accuracy and judgment.

WE have received the second Part of *Archæologia Oconiensis* (London: Henry Frowde). Mr. C. Oman contributes some notes on the ecclesiastical boundaries of Mediaeval England, suggested by a map he is constructing to illustrate the *Taxatio Ecclesiastica* of 1291. As regards bishoprics, there seem to have been only two revisions of boundaries, both on the Welsh border. The archdeaconries show their later date, by their slavish adherence to county boundaries. By a comparison of the rural deaneries with the hundreds in various parts of England, it appears that in Wessex there is absolutely no resemblance between the two areas; while the hundreds often bear very archaic names, derived from districts or natural features, the rural deaneries are invariably called after considerable towns. In Cornwall the two are co-extensive and bear the same Celtic appellations. This is true likewise of the greater part of Eastern England, with the exception of Norfolk and the Midlands. Mr. Oman’s general conclusion is that the rural deaneries date from the tenth century. Mr. J. Romilly Allen pleads for the establishment of a museum, to contain a collection of casts, models, and photographs, illustrative of early art and architecture in Great Britain. The other articles are of local interest. Mr. J. Park Harrison describes some chevron or sun beads, from Arica in Peru, which apparently reached Peru through the drifting of a vessel

across the South Pacific; from the same pen (?) comes a suggestion for the enlargement of the Bodleian, by throwing out two wings into the quadrangle towards the Clarendon Building; while Mr. Henry Balfour writes about a series of stone implements from Perak, which have lately been added to the Pitt-Rivers collection under his charge. Finally, we may mention the notes of recent discoveries, abstracts of the Proceedings of archaeological societies, and of other archaeological publications. The Part is illustrated with several plates.

#### THE STAGE.

WE saw on Thursday in last week the reproduction of Mr. Henderson’s “Silent Battle,” at the Criterion, with a cast practically the same as that which assisted its success during the initial performances last season—indeed, the only change that we can call to mind is that in the part of the Marchese Loreno, the somewhat weak-kneed and hesitating young man of the play, now played, not without skill, by Mr. Frank Worthing. It was originally in the hands of Mr. Lewis Waller. The play itself is hardly one to which justice can be done with ease on a first hearing. We are glad, however, to feel that the verdict upon it, which was pronounced in these columns last May, is not one which there is any reason to over-ride or to modify. It is only needful to confirm it. While in many parts the characterisation is sufficiently simple—broad types rather than peculiar individualities coming up to be portrayed—in others (especially in Agatha herself, and in Mr. Dow, of the United States) the personality of the character is strongly marked. The writing is—especially, we think, after the first act—of singular terseness and pregnancy; it is essentially writing that can be spoken with effect. And while the moral of the play is healthy and natural—the conception of life tender rather than austere—it is certain that in the treatment equal justice is done to the saintly or womanly heroine, and to the chiefly heartless and selfish evil-doer whose force is pitted against hers. If the sworn pessimists would only be as just to the good instincts of humanity as Mr. Henderson is to those persons who are to some extent at the mercy of the bad, then the pessimistic drama would have some further title to be attended to than any it now possesses. Of the actual performance of “The Silent Battle”—on the whole eminently satisfactory—we have only space to say that Miss Emery is as conspicuous as heretofore for grace and delicate intention; that Miss Olga Nethersole—though melodramatic and conventional in a few of her touches—is generally clever and sufficient, and in the last scene is nothing less than brilliant and thrilling; and then Mr. Charles Wyndham as John Dow, the cheery, good-hearted, and shrewd American, who puts things right with a will, acts with delightful force, amazing tact, and unquestionable sincerity, and shows himself, indeed, the one comedian on our English stage to whom such a part as this by right belongs.

#### MUSIC.

##### “IRMENGARDA” AND “ORPHEUS.”

CHEVALIER L. EMILE BACH is known as a pupil of the Abbé Liszt and as himself a pianist of some distinction. Like his master, however, he is not satisfied with the career of a virtuoso, and is seeking to establish more lasting fame as a composer. His opera, “Irmengarda,” was produced last Thursday week at Covent Garden, and he may congratulate himself on the fact that it was very favourably received. Some operas have failed miserably from the very

outset, and to be able to catch the ear of the public at all is a promising sign. Much fault may be found with the work: the libretto is dull, and the music shows many signs of inexperience; but for all that it has a certain life and character. The restlessness of tonality is the outcome of modern influence; and it is all the more noticeable in that the structure of the music is loose, and the orchestration weak. The composer seems determined not to weary his audience by dwelling too long on one theme. The great masters were equally anxious to avoid monotony; but they sought to obtain variety by presenting themes in various forms, developing them and evolving from them material, apparently new, yet bearing traces of its origin. By such means organic unity is attained, but the power to effect this is only acquired by hard study combined with experience. "Irmengarda" shows no traces of serious thought and self-criticism. It seems rather to have been written without any definite plan, without any labour in the proper sense of the word. The very frankness of the music predisposes one in its favour; and a certain dramatic instinct which, in spite of all unfavourable surroundings, makes itself felt from time to time, leads one to think that the composer may possibly one day achieve greater things. "Irmengarda" will not live, but it may prepare the way for a better work. Chevalier Bach has, we believe, something to say; and when he knows how to say it, it will be possible to form a just estimate of his talent. With regard to the performance, the efforts of Mme. Giulia Valda, Miss Guercia, and MM. Guétary and Dufriche helped greatly towards the success of the evening. Mr. Armbruster conducted with intelligence and vigour.

The performance of Gluck's "Orpheus" at the Lyceum Theatre on Saturday afternoon by the pupils of the Royal College of Music was one of special interest, and it does seem a pity that the work should have been so carefully prepared only to be heard once. The yearly public performances given by the college are not only of inestimable value to the students, but they may ultimately lead to the establishment of a permanent opera-house in which the masterpieces of the classical and romantic schools will form the staple feature. The part of Orpheus was taken by Miss Clara E. Butt. She has a remarkably fine voice; there is not only power in it, but it is of sympathetic quality. As an actress she may have yet much to learn, but she shows a certain natural aptitude for the stage. Miss Butt gives decided promise for the future, and the favourable reception which she met with will no doubt encourage her. Miss Purvis was the Eurydice, and Miss Cain the Eros. For the excellent stage management Mr. Richard Temple deserves the credit: the grouping in the first act, especially, was admirable. The college orchestra, under the direction of Prof. Stanford, acquitted itself well. The restoration of Gluck's ending to the first act was most welcome, and so, too, was the signal failure of some indiscreet friends to obtain an encore for *Ché furo*. The house was crowded.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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The JANUARY NUMBER of the *ANTIQUARY*, for the year 1893, begins the Twenty-seventh Volume, and the Sixth Volume of the New Series.

The following are some of the Articles which will appear in the New Volume:—

**EXCAVATIONS in CRETE.** By Dr. FREDERICK HALBHERG, Professor of Greek Epigraphy in the Roman University.

**ROMANO-BRITISH ANTIQUITIES.** By Mr. F. HAVERSFIELD, M.A., F.S.A. EXCAVATIONS at SILCHESTER. Mr. W. H. ST. JOHN HOPE, M.A. Professor HURNER, of Berlin, will also contribute to the *Antiquary* during 1893. The EXCAVATIONS at HADRIAN'S WALL.

**OLD STONE MONUMENTS and Early Antiquities of North Wales.** By the late Mr. H. H. LINES, of Worcester.

**ARCHÆOLOGY in PROVINCIAL MUSEUMS.** Mr. A. ARCHIBALD ARMSTRONG, M.A., will write on the Museum of Denston College. Accounts of other Museums will be given by Mr. JOHN WARD, CHANCELLOR FERGUSON, F.S.A., Mr. R. BLAIR, F.S.A., and Mr. ROACH LE SCHONIX.

**VISCOUNT DILLON, President of the Royal Archaeological Institute,** will contribute "Notes on Medieval Artillery," "The Real Sir Henry Lee of Scott's Woodstock," and "Some Receipts from the Note-book of a Seventeenth Century Lady."

**THE EXCAVATIONS of the GLASTONBURY LAKE VILLAGE.** By Dr. MONRO, of Edinburgh.

"THE BATTLE of ETHANDUNE," by Mr. WALTER MONEY, F.S.A.—"HENRY VIII. at ROCKINGHAM PARK," by Mr. CHARLES WISE—"GAINSBOROUGH DURING THE GREAT CIVIL WAR," by Mr. EDWARD PEACOCK, F.S.A.—"WILL of NICHOLAS CARENT, DEAN of WELLS," by Rev. F. W. WEAVER—and "SOME NOTARIES SIGNS MANUALS," by Very Rev. J. HIRST.

Under ECCELESIOLOGY may be named "SACRAMENT HOUSES" (illustrated), by Mr. J. E. MICKLETHWAITE, F.S.A.—"CITY BRASSES" (illustrated), by Mr. ANDREW OLIVER—"THE NAVE TRIFORIUM of BEVERLEY MINSTER," by Mr. JOHN BILSON—and "A VANISHED TOMB from SELBY ABBEY," by Mr. C. C. HODGES.

Mr. G. L. GOMME, F.S.A., will write on "MUNICIPAL ANTIQUITIES"; and among other Contributors will be Mr. GEORGE PAYNE, F.S.A., Mr. HILTON, F.S.A., Mr. R. C. HOPE, F.S.A., Dr. HARCROFT, F.S.A., Rev. E. M. COLE, M.A., and Mr. F. AIDAN HIBBERT, M.A.

The MEETINGS and other PROCEEDINGS of all the Archaeological and kindred Societies of Great Britain and Ireland will be chronicled as they occur.

The *Antiquary* ought to be in the hands of all working antiquaries, as these sections will keep them *au courant* with all that is transpiring of archaeological interest throughout the United Kingdom. This information is not obtained from mere newspaper cuttings, but arrangements have been made for the prompt transmission of news from the hon. secretaries or from accredited correspondents of the various societies throughout the Kingdom.

REVIEWS and Notices of New Books bearing on all antiquarian and historical subjects will appear month by month; whilst the columns of the Magazine will continue to be open to terse CORRESPONDENCE and to Queries of an original or abstruse character.

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